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POEMS FROM THE
DIVAN OF HAFIZ

TRANSLATED BY

GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL

WITH A PREFACE BY

E. DENISON ROSS



preparation and Arrangement

BY

Mohsen Ramezani

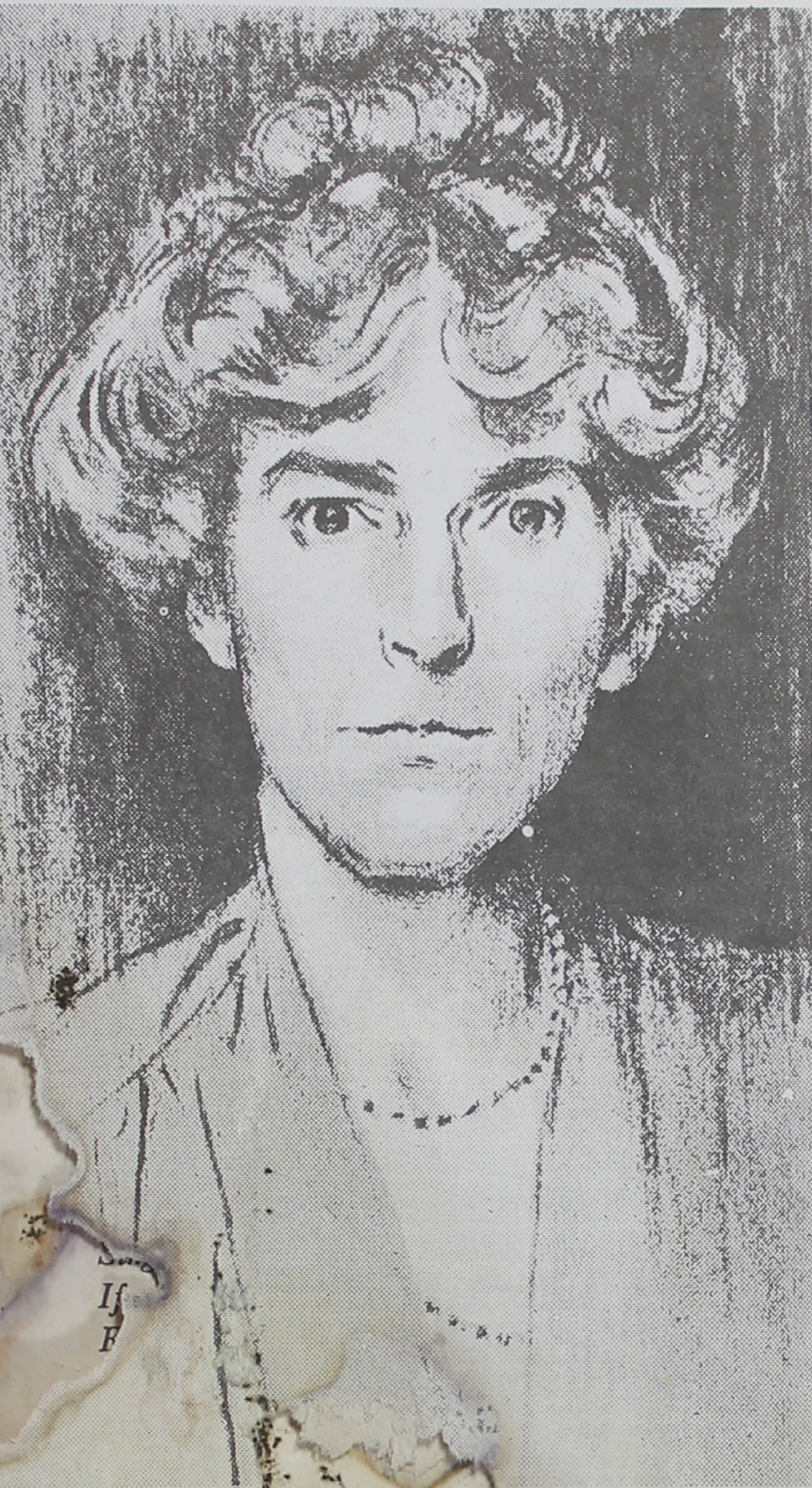


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TO

HAFIZ OF SHIRAZ

قضا دستبست پنجم انگشت دارد چه خواهد از کسی گامی بر آرد
دو بر چشمش نهد دیگر دو بر گوش یکی بر لب نهد گوید که خاموش

*Thus said the Poet: " When Death comes to you,
All ye whose life-sand through the hour-glass slips,
He lays two fingers on your ears, and two
Upon your eyes he lays, one on your lips,
Whispering : Silence ! " Although deaf thine ear,
Thine eye, my Hafiz, suffer Time's eclipse,
The songs thou sangest still all men may hear.*


*Songs of dead laughter, songs of love once hot,
Songs of a cup once flushed rose-red with wine,
Songs of a rose whose beauty is forgot,
A nightingale that piped hushed lays divine,
And still a graver music runs beneath
The tender love notes of those songs of thine,
Oh, Seeker of the keys of Life and Death !*

DEDICATION

*While thou wert singing, the soft summer wind
That o'er Mosalla's garden blew, the stream
Of Ruknabad flowing where roses twined,
Carried thy voice farther than thou could'st dream.
To Isfahan and Baghdad's Tartar horde,
O'er waste and sea to Yezd and distant Ind ;
Yea, to the sun-setting they bore thy word.*

*Behold we laugh, we warm us at Love's fire,
We thirst and scarce dare tell what wine we crave,
We lift our voices in Grief's dark-robed choir ;
Sing thou, the wisdom joy and sorrow gave !
If my poor rhymes held aught of the heart's lore,
Fresh wreaths were theirs to lay upon thy grave—
Master and Poet, all was thine before !*





PREFACE


THIS little book of Verses first appeared in 1897, and although it was favourably noticed in the press it did not attract the attention it undoubtedly deserved. The general public was in those days less familiar with Persian literature than it is to-day, and did not perhaps trouble to examine this volume and discover the real poetry which lay hidden under the disguise of a book of translations with a learned historical introduction.

Gertrude Lowthian Bell was twenty years of age when in 1888 she took a brilliant First Class in History at Oxford. How her interest in the East and in Oriental languages was first aroused it is difficult to say, but from a letter written in July, 1891, it is evident that the spell of the East had already begun to capture her fancy. From the delightful *Letters of Gertrude Bell*, edited by Lady Bell (*Ernest Bell*), it is possible to follow the course of her studies in Arabic and Persian, and as an introduction to *Poems from the Divan of Hafiz*, I think I can do no better than to piece together extracts from letters which have relation to this subject.

P R E F A C E

The first allusion to her interest in Persia is contained in the following letter (see *Letters*, Vol. I., p. 23), which is dated July 22, 1892 (*sic* for 1891), in which she says: "The Lascelles are moved to Teheran from Bucarest which is rather thrilling. They are coming back to England now and my uncle goes to Persia in October, my aunt later, I don't know when. I should like her to take me out with her, Persia is the place I have always longed to see, but I don't know if she will." This letter must, however, have been written in July, 1891; and we may assume that her Persian studies began as soon as it had been arranged that she should accompany her aunt, Lady Lascelles, to Teheran, which she did in the spring of 1892. In a letter dated February 22, 1892 (*Letters*, Vol. I., p. 21), Gertrude Bell speaks of having lessons in Persian from Lord Stanley of Alderley; and also of "an offer of lessons from Mr. Strong." Whether this offer came to anything at this time I do not know, but after her return she at any rate had the advantage of studying under a real linguistic genius in the person of Arthur Strong. Of her studies of the language while she was in Persia she writes (*Letters*, I., *Sin* 2): "I learn Persian, not with great energy, *my*" Mes nothing with energy here. My teacher. *Fre* delightful old person with bright eyes and a turban who knows so little French (French is





P R E F A C E

our medium) that he can neither translate the poets to me nor explain any grammatical difficulties. But we get on admirably nevertheless and spend much of our time in long philosophic discussions carried on by me in French and by him in Persian."

There are no records of Miss Bell's progress in her Oriental studies between 1893 and February 12, 1896, when she writes (*Letters*, I., p. 33): "I studied my grammar this morning and went to the London Library where I looked through volumes and volumes of Asiatic Societies . . . and found little to my purpose." By "grammar" Arabic grammar is obviously meant, and it was presumably in search of materials for her historical introduction to the present work that she was hunting through learned Orientalist journals.

Two days later she writes: "My Pundit was extremely pleased with me, he kept congratulating me on my proficiency in the Arabic tongue! I think his other pupils must be awful duffers. It is quite extraordinarily interesting to read the Koran with him—and it is such a magnificent book! He has given me some Arabian Nights for the next time and I have given him some Hafiz poems to read, so we shall see what we shall see. He is extremely keen about the Hafiz book . . . The identity of "the Pundit" is not revealed in these *Letters*, but it is clearly Arthur Strong who is

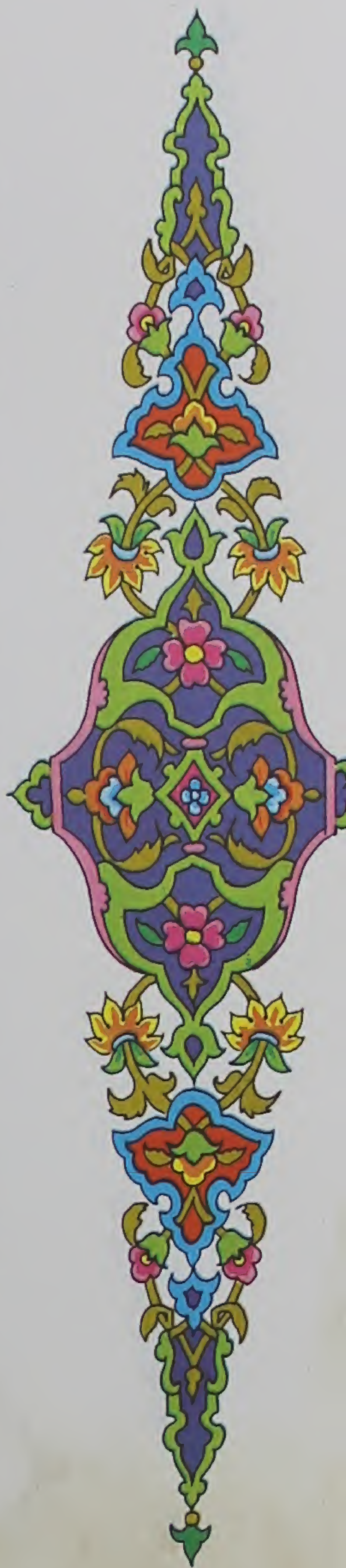
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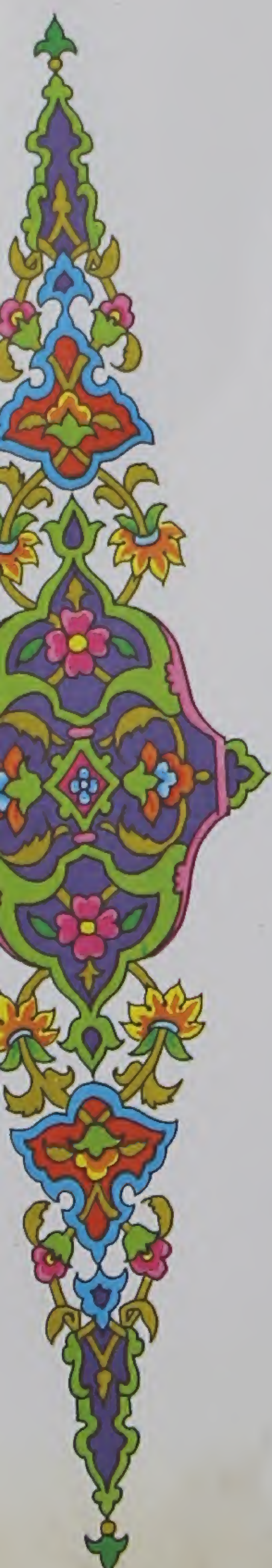
intended. On February 24, 1896, she writes (*Letters*, I., p. 34) : " My Pundit brought back my poems yesterday—he is really pleased with them. I asked him if he thought they were worth doing and he replied that indeed he did. He is full of offers of assistance and wants to read all I have done, which for a busy man is, I think, the best proof that he likes what he has seen. Arabic flies along—I shall soon be able to read the Arabian Nights for fun."

In the meantime Gertrude Bell had begun to read in the British Museum, and mentions reading " a Persian life of Hafiz with a Latin crib."

In a letter written apparently in the second half of 1896 (*Letters*, I., p. 39) she writes : " I saw Heinemann this morning. He was extremely pleasant. I told him a lot about the book and he expressed a desire to see it. So at any rate it will have a reading . . . I shall send him the poems and preface from Berlin. Mr. Strong cannot come to town and has not yet finished the preface . . ."

In January, 1897, she writes (*Letters*, I., p. 40) : " The reason why I had not sent the poems to H. was because Mr. Strong has not yet sent me back the preface . . . I hope I may get it by the next bag. Meantime I have sent the thirty poems with their notes to H. and explained to him why the preface is not with them . . ."





PREFACE

Such is the history of this little book, which appeared in 1897, as told by Gertrude Bell herself.

Before proceeding to discuss Gertrude Bell's renderings of Hafiz, something further regarding her subsequent studies as an Orientalist may be of interest.

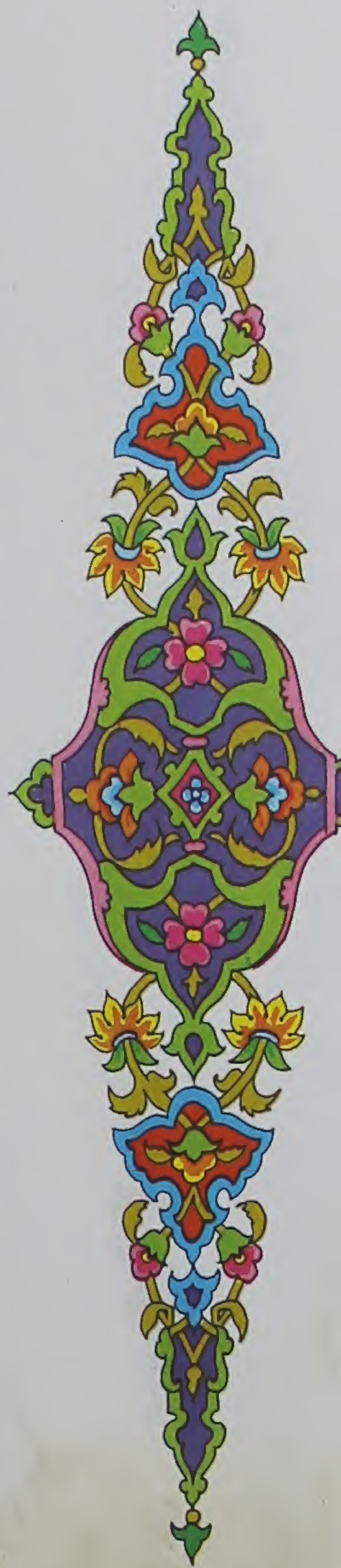
The greater part of 1898 was passed in a voyage round the world, but at the end of September she was back in London, and was hard at work again at Arabic and Persian. It was at this time that I first had the pleasure of knowing Miss Bell, and as a teacher of only a few years' standing had the healthy experience of realising in the presence of such a brilliant scholar my own limitations. For Gertrude Bell, in spite of her infinite variety of interests and diversions—and no man or woman had a fuller life—had entered as thoroughly and as seriously into her Arabic and Persian studies as any professed Orientalist, and in reading old Arabic poetry with her, I was astounded at her quick comprehension of these Bedouin songs with their rich vocabulary of rare words and their unfamiliar pictures of desert life—the desert she had at that time never seen but was later to learn to know and to love so well.


In 1899 Gertrude Bell went to Jerusalem. Then she had the advantage of knowing the then British Consul, for she could not have found there a more

PREFACE

guide and friend than Dr. Fritz Rosen, who, in addition to his knowledge of Palestine and Arabic, must have delighted Gertrude Bell with his rare knowledge of the Persian people and their language. A letter from Haifa, dated April 7th, 1902 (*Letters*, I., p. 133), gives a striking picture of the zest with which she pursued her linguistic studies: "This is my day: I get up at 7, at 8 Abu Nimrud comes and teaches me Arabic till 10. I go on working till 12, when I lunch. Then I write for my Persian till 1.30, or so, when I ride or walk out. Come in at 5, and work till 7, when I dine. At 7.30 my Persian comes and stays till 10, and at 10.30 I go to bed. . . . And the whole day long I talk Arabic."

Perhaps I may be pardoned for adding one anecdote in which I am myself concerned. In 1903 Gertrude Bell made a second tour of the world, and in January of that year passed through Calcutta, where I had the pleasure of meeting her on several occasions. From Calcutta she went to Burma, and I was surprised one day to receive a telegram from Rangoon, saying: "Please send first hemistich of verse ending *Wa khayru jalisin fi zaman kitabu*." This is from a famous verse of the poet Mutanabbi, and I was fortunately able to bag. N in reply: "*A'azz makanin fiddunya zahru their n*," but never learned in what form this poetic message reached her hands. The transla-





PREFACE

tion of this complete verse is : " The finest place in the world is the back of a swift horse, And the best of good companions is a book."

Enough has been told to show what Gertrude Bell's equipment was as a linguist. As an historian she had long ago proved her worth when taking her brilliant First in History. These joint gifts naturally made of her an archæologist of rare powers.

In order to appreciate the worth of the historical introduction which is prefixed to the Poems, it must be realised that the history of Islamic Persia still remains to be written, that most of the sources exist only in manuscript, that very few have been printed and fewer still translated, and further that the history of the Minor Dynasties of Persia during the fourteenth century is one of the most confusing in her annals. The history of the House of Muzaffar, which ruled over Fars and Kirman from 1313 to 1393, is only to be gathered from allusions to be found in Persian general histories. There exists, it is true, one special monograph, but only in manuscript form, and this was not known to Gertrude Bell when she wrote her masterly introduction. It was nothing short of a *tour de force* to piece together into a connected narrative the scattered facts connected with the various royal patrons of Hafiz in such a manner. So valuable indeed was this sketch that Edward G. Browne, the greatest authority on

P R E F A C E


Persian literature in his day, writing in 1902 with many other sources at his disposal, acknowledges his "indebtedness to an excellent and most readable sketch" of the history of this Dynasty. (*Persian Literature under Tartar Dominion*, p. 162.) In the same work (p. 292) Browne writes: "It is to Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell that we are indebted for the best estimate of Hafiz, at once critical, sympathetic and full of insight." As for the portion of the Introduction dealing with the Sufism of the Persian poets, it bears comparison with anything that has been written on this difficult subject. Nor must we omit to praise the *Notes* which bear further testimony to Gertrude Bell's wide reading and sound judgment. One cannot refrain from expressing a regret that such a fine scholar should not have given more time to the field of Persian historical research in which so little has yet been done and where competent workers are so rare.

Miss Gertrude Bell's library is now suitably housed in Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to which it was presented after her death by her sister, Lady Richmond.

A word in explanation of the terms *Divan* and *Ghazal* is, perhaps, in place here since Miss Bell did not define either.

The word *Divan* means collection, and, when applied to the works of a poet, it means a collection





P R E F A C E

of his poems arranged in alphabetical order, that is, alphabetical order according to the rhyme, for the *Ghazal* or Ode, which ranges in length from ten to sixteen couplets, is all on one rhyme. This arrangement is convenient for reference but has the disadvantage of making it impossible to date the composition of any given ode, excepting in the rare cases where this can be surmised from some historical or domestic allusion. The *Ghazal* in some ways resembles our Sonnet, but with the difference that each couplet contains a new idea and rarely hangs together with what precedes or succeeds it. The first half couplets rhyme together, and this same rhyme is retained at the end of every couplet. In the last couplet the poet always introduces his own poetical name.

TRANSLATIONS OF HAFIZ INTO ENGLISH

It may be safely asserted that the great charm of Persian poetry lies in its language and its music rather than in its meaning, and, in consequence, whatever form a translation may take, whether it be purely literal or imitative or mere adaptation, the English reader has perforce to forego the essence of the matter. The Persian ode in essence is so dependent for its effectiveness on the sketch phrase, the choice of words or the metre on

PREFACE


rhyme that a literal translation is often tiresome, and very often unintelligible without a commentary. The close translation into English verse in which an attempt is made to imitate the metre and even to preserve the mono-rhyme must at best appear artificial, though it may succeed in conveying everything but the natural beauty of the original. The free translation into English verse with English metres and rhymes, when successful, comes nearest to compensating for the exchange of medium. There are three main types of translation :

1. Literal prose translations.
2. Translations in which either the metre or the mono-rhyme or both together are imitated.
3. Free translations into English verse.

Many English translators have tried their hand at the poems of Hafiz, and the three varieties of translation referred to have all been attempted. Colonel Wilberforce-Clarke in 1891 published a complete prose translation with copious notes and an exhaustive commentary. This translation is so slavishly literal as to be almost unreadable, except as a crib.

In 1898 the late Mr. Walter Leaf published twenty-eight Versions from Hafiz, in which he not attempted to reproduce both the metre and the mono-rhyme of the Persian, and probably came as near to success as is possible in the circumstances.





PREFACE

In 1875 there appeared posthumously a large selection from the Poems of Hafiz translated by Herman Bicknell, comprising no less than one hundred and eighty-nine odes, out of the five hundred and seventy-three contained in the fullest Persian editions. Bicknell, while making each verse of his translation correspond with its original, adopted the rhyming couplets and did not attempt to preserve the mono-rhyme. Finally there is the free translation into English verse without regard to the form, metre or rhyme of the original. Numerous efforts have been made in this style, but those of Gertrude Bell are incomparably the best.

In order to show the exact material she had to work on I take this opportunity of giving a quite literal translation of the original of one of the most beautiful of all Miss Bell's renderings (No. XXXVIII.), beginning :

I cease not from desire till my desire
Is satisfied ; or let my mouth attain
My love's red mouth, or let my soul expire
Sighed from those lips that sought her lips in
vain.

*Dast az talab nadaram ta kam-i dil bar ayad
Ya tan rasad bijanan, ya jan zi tan bar ayad.*

I will not hold back from seeking till my desire is reached
Either my soul will reach the beloved, or my speech
leave its body. on



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P R E F A C E

I cannot always be taking new friends like the faithless
ones,
I am at her threshold till my soul leaves its body.

The soul has reached the lip, and in the heart is regret,
because from her lips
No desire having been attained, the soul is leaving the
body.

From longing for her mouth my soul is distressed ;
When will the desires of the distressed ones find satis-
faction from that mouth ?

Open my grave after my death and look
How by reason of the fire within me smoke rises from
my shroud.

Arise ! so that in the meadows, seeing thy stature and thy
waist,
Even the cypress may bear fruit, and even the beech
blossom.


In hope of finding in the Garden a rose like thy face
The zephyr blows ; and is continually encircling the
meadow.

Reveal thy face so that the world may be astonished
and distraught :
Open thy lips : for cries of distress come from men and
women.

Every single curl of thy locks has fifty hooks,
What can this broken heart do against such clutching ?

They pour blessings in his memory in the company of
lovers
Whenever the name of Hafiz is mentioned in their midst.





PREFACE

Edward Browne says of these versions that "though rather free, they are in my opinion by far the most artistic, and, so far as the spirit of Hafiz is concerned, the most faithful renderings of his poetry." (*Persian Literature under Tartar Dominion*, p. 303.) The same great authority further says: "Miss Bell's [Translations] are true poetry of a very high order and, with perhaps the single exception of Fitz-Gerald's paraphrase of the Quatrains of Omar Khayyám, are probably the finest and most truly poetical renderings of any Persian poet ever produced in the English language." Such praise coming from one who himself produced inspired renderings from all the great Persian poets is praise indeed, and I feel that it leaves nothing more to be said by way of commendation to the poems contained in this little volume.

Edward Browne in the work referred to gives a concordance of Miss Bell's forty-three translations with the numbers of the originals in the German edition of the text and in Bicknell's translation. Gertrude Bell unfortunately did not arrange her versions in any order, nor did she indicate the opening words or the rhyme. Edward Browne had therefore considerable difficulty in identifying them, and failed to identify No. XV., because "Return! that to a heart wounded full so

PREFACE

For the sake of those interested I may say that the original begins :

*Dar a ki dar dil-i khasta tawan darayad baz
Biya ki dar tan-i murda rawan darayad baz,*


which may be found in Rosenzweig-Schwannau's famous Edition of Hafiz, Vol. II., p. 60.

My thanks are due to Messrs. Ernest Benn Ltd. for permission to quote in this Preface from the *Letters of Gertrude Bell*.

E. DENISON ROSS.



They are
lovers
When



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INTRODUCTION

SHEMSUDDIN MAHOMMAD, better known by his poetical surname of Hafiz, was born in Shiraz in the early part of the fourteenth century.¹ His names, being interpreted, signify the Sun of the Faith, the Praiseworthy, and One who can recite the Koran ; he is further known to his compatriots under the titles of the Tongue of the Hidden and the Interpreter of Secrets. The better part of his life was spent in Shiraz, and he died in that city towards the close of the century. The exact date either of his birth or of his death is unknown. He fell upon turbulent times. His delicate love-songs were chanted to the rude accompaniment of the clash of arms, and his dreams must have been interrupted often enough by the nip of famine in a beleaguered town, the inrush of conquerors, and the flight of the defeated.

¹ For the history of the times of Hafiz, see Defrémery in the *Journal Asiatique* for 1844 and 1845, Malcolm's "History of Persia," Price's "Mohammedan History," Markham's "History of Persia." For the life of the poet, see V. Hammer ; Defrémery in the *Journal Asiatique* for 1858 ; Sir Gore Ouseley and Daulat Shah, whose work is mainly a string of anecdote—I have been told that Lutfallah's is little better.





INTRODUCTION


The history of Persia in the fourteenth century is exceedingly confused. Beyond a succession of wars and turmoils, there is little to be learnt concerning the political conditions under which Hafiz lived. Fifty years before the birth of the poet, Hulagu, a grandson of the great Tartar invader Chinghis Khan, had conquered Baghdad, putting to death the last of the Abbaside Khalifs and extinguishing the direct line of the race that had ruled over Persia since 750. For the next 200 years there is indeed a branch of the family of Abbas living in Cairo, members of which were set up as Khalifs by the Mamluk Sultans of Egypt ; but they were destitute of any real authority, and their position was that of dependants in the Mamluk court.

The sons and grandsons of Hulagu succeeded him as lords of Persia and Mesopotamia, paying a nominal allegiance to the Great Khan of the Mongols in Cambalec or Pekin, but for all practical purposes independent, and the different provinces of their empire were administered by governors in their name. About the time of the birth of Hafiz, that is to say in the beginning of the fourteenth century, a certain Mahmud Shah Inju was governing the province of Fars, of which Shiraz is the capital, in the name of Abu Said, the last of the direct descendants of Hulagu. On the death of Mahmud Shah, ~~God's~~ Said appointed Sheikh Hussein ibn Juban to

INTRODUCTION

governorship of Fars, a lucrative and much-coveted post. Sheikh Hussein took the precaution of ordering the three sons of Mahmud Shah to be seized and imprisoned; but while they were passing through the streets of Shiraz in the hands of their captors, their mother, who accompanied them, lifted her veil and made a touching appeal to the people, calling upon them to remember the benefits they had received from their late ruler, the father of the three boys. Her words took instant effect; the inhabitants rose, released her and her sons, and drove Sheikh Hussein into exile. He, however, returned with an army supplied by Abu Said, and induced Shiraz to submit again to his rule. In 1335, a year or two after these events, Abu Said died, and the power of the house of Hulagu crumbled away. There followed a long period of anarchy, which was brought to an end when Oweis, another descendant of Hulagu, seized the throne. He and his son Ahmed reigned in Baghdad until Ahmed was driven out by the invading army of Timur. But during the years of anarchy the authority of the Sultan of Baghdad had been considerably curtailed. On Abu Said's death, Abu Ishac, one of the three sons of Mahmud Shah Inju who had so narrowly escaped from the hands of Sheikh Hussein, took to flight, and fled to Shiraz and Isfahan, finally ousting the enemy, while Mahommed ibn Muzaffar, who





INTRODUCTION

had earned a name for valour in the service of Abu Said, made himself master of Yezd.

From this time onward the governors of the Persian provinces seem to have given a nominal allegiance now to the Sultan of Baghdad, now to the more distant Khalif. The position of Shiraz between Baghdad and Cairo must have resembled that of Venice between Rome and Constantinople, and, like Venice, she was obedient to neither lord.

Abu Ishac had not steered his bark into quiet waters. In 1340 Shiraz was besieged and taken by a rival Atabeg, and the son of Mahmud Shah was obliged to content himself with Isfahan. But in the following year he returned, captured Shiraz by a stratagem, and again established himself as ruler over all Fars. The remaining years of his reign are chiefly occupied with military expeditions against Yezd, where Mahommad ibn Muzaffar and his sons were building up a formidable power. In 1352, determined to put an end to these attacks, Mahommad marched into Fars and laid siege to Shiraz. Abu Ishac, whose life was one of perpetual dissipation, redoubled his orgies in the face of danger. Uncertain of the fidelity of the people of Shiraz, he put to death all the inhabitants of two quarters of the town, and contemplated insuring himself of a third quarter in a similar manner. But these measures did not lead to the desired results.


INTRODUCTION

The chief of the threatened quarter got wind of the King's design, and delivered up the keys of his gate to Shah Shudja, son of Mahommad ibn Muzaffar, and Abu Ishac was obliged to seek refuge a second time in Isfahan. Four years later, in 1357, he was given up to Mahommad, who sent him to Shiraz and, with a fine sense of dramatic fitness, had him beheaded in an open space before the ruins of Persepolis.

The Arab traveller Ibn Batuta, who visited Shiraz between the years 1340 and 1350, has left a description of its ruler : " Abu Ishac," says he, " is one of the best Sultans that can be found " (it must be confessed that the average of Sultans was not very high in Ibn Batuta's time) ; " he is fair of face, imposing of presence, and his conduct is no less to be admired. His mind is generous, his character remarkable, and he is modest although his power is great and his territories extensive. His army exceeds the number of 30,000 men, Turks and Persians. The most faithful of his subjects are the inhabitants of Isfahan ; but he fears the Shirazis, who are a brave people, not to be controlled by kings, and he will not trust them with arms." ¹ This view of his relations with the two towns tallies with Abu Ishac's subsequent history, and points to a con-

¹ The " Travels of Ibn Batuta," edited by Defrémery and Sanguinetti.





INTRODUCTION

siderable power of observation on the part of Ibn Batuta. But he relates a tale which would seem to show that Abu Ishac was not unpopular even in Shiraz : on a certain occasion he wished to build a great gate in that city, and hearing of his desire the inhabitants vied with each other in their eagerness to satisfy it ; men of all ranks turned out to do the work, putting on their best clothes and digging the foundations with spades of silver. Abu Ishac shared the passion of the age for letters, and was anxious to be accounted a rival to the King of Delhi in his generosity to men of learning ; “ but,” sighs Ibn Batuta, “ how far is the earth removed from the Pleiades ! ” The Persian historian who describes Abu Ishac’s execution, quotes a quatrain which the Atabeg is supposed to have written while he was in prison :

“ Lay down thine arms when Fortune is thy foe,
’Gainst Heaven’s wheel, Wrestler, try not a throw
Drink steadfastly the cup whose name is Death,
Empty the dregs upon the earth, and go.”


So perished the first patron of Hafiz.

From 1353 to 1393, when Timur conquered Shiraz for the second and last time, the greater part of Persia was ruled by members of the house of Muzaffar. Scarcely a year passed undisturbed by civil war, scarcely a year in which one of the sons or grandsons of Mahommad did not suffer imprison-

INTRODUCTION

ment or worse ills at the hands of his brothers. Mahommad himself was the first to fall. Shah Shudja seized his father while he was reading the Koran aloud with a poet of his court, and caused him to be blinded. A few years later the grim life beat itself out against the prison walls of Ka'lah-i-Safid. "Without just cause," sings Hafiz, "the victor of victors suffered imprisonment; guiltless, the mightiest head was laid low. He had overcome Shiraz and Tabriz and Irak; at the last his own hour came. He who, in the eyes of the world, was the light he had kindled (*i.e.* Mahommad's son, Shah Shudja), through those eyes which had gazed victorious upon the world, thrust the hot iron." A stern and pitiless man was this Mahommad, brave in battle, wise in council, ardent in religion, but hard and cruel beyond measure, a perfidious friend and a relentless enemy. The Persian historian, Lutfallah, relates that on several occasions he had seen criminals brought before Mahommad while the Amir was engaged in reading the Koran. Laying the book aside, he would draw his sword and kill the offenders as they stood, and then return unmoved to his devotions. Shah Shudja once asked his father whether he had killed 1000 men with his own hand. "No," replied Mahommad, "but I think that the number of them that I have slain must reach 800."





INTRODUCTION

After his death, Shah Shudja reigned in Shiraz, and his brother Shah Yahya in Yezd. Shah Shudja was a man of like energy with his father, but it was an energy directed into different channels; the stern religious ardour of the elder man was changed into a spirit of frenzied dissipation in the younger. Whenever he was not engaged in conducting expeditions against his brothers and nephews, he was taking part in the wildest orgies in Shiraz. He was scarcely less cruel than Mahommad. In a fit of drunkenness he ordered one of his own sons to be blinded, and though, at the instance of his vizir, he repented and sent a second messenger hot foot after the first, it was already too late to save the boy. Before Shah Shudja's death the knell of the house of Muzaffar had sounded—Tamberlain and his Tartar hordes had advanced into Northern Persia. In 1382 Shah Shudja sent a propitiatory embassy to him with gifts—jewels and silks, horses, a scarlet dais, a royal standard, and a Chinese umbrella; and Timur in return sent the King a robe of honour and a belt studded with jewels.


Worn out before his time with riotous living, Shah Shudja did his utmost to secure the welfare of his family before he died. He sent letters both to Timur and to Sultan Ahmed of Baghdad recommending to their protection his son Zein-el-Abeddin, his brothers, and his nephews. The curtain is

INTRODUCTION

drawn aside for a moment from the death-bed of the King, and an anecdote, such as Oriental historians love, reveals to us the fearless and terrible face. Hearing that his brother Ahmed was preparing to dispute the succession with Zein-el-Abeddin, he sent for him in order to persuade him to withdraw his claims. But when Ahmed entered the room where Shah Shudja lay sick to death, both brothers burst into tears, and Ahmed was so much overcome by emotion that he was obliged to withdraw. Thereupon Shah Shudja sent him a letter by the hand of a faithful servant. "The world," he said, "is like unto the shadow of a cloud and a dream of the night; for the one has no resting-place, and when the dreamer awakens there remains to him but a vain memory of the other. I foresee much disturbance in Shiraz; Kerman is the home of our fathers. I have no complaint to lay at your door; but now that I am about to fare upon a long journey, if you were to become a sower of discord, not I alone would reproach you, but God also; and our enemies would rejoice. Go therefore to Kerman and renounce this unhappy city." And Ahmed went.

Shah Shudja died in the odour of sanctity. Ten holy men were with him continually, reading the Koran aloud from end to end each day. He left behind him a name renowned for courage and for





INTRODUCTION

liberality. He was a poet, after the fashion of kings, and from boyhood he could repeat the Koran by heart.


The son, whose future he had spent his last hours in assuring, was not to remain for long upon the throne bequeathed to him by his father. During his short reign, Zein-el-Abeddin was engaged in defending himself from the attacks of his cousin Mansur, but in 1388 he was obliged to flee before an enemy more terrible than any he had yet known. Timur, who for several years had been hovering upon the borders of Fars, overran Southern Persia and took Shiraz. Zein-el-Abeddin sought refuge with Mansur, who repaid his confidence by imprisoning and blinding him. It must have been in the year 1388 that the celebrated interview between Hafiz and Timur took place (see note to Poem V.), and not at the time of the second conquest of Shiraz in 1393. The confusion between the two dates has led several writers to doubt the truth of the story, since it is almost certain that the poet had died before 1393. Timur bestowed Shiraz upon Shah Yahya, uncle to Mansur, and some time governor of Yezd; but no sooner was the Tartar army called away by disturbances in the northern parts of the empire than Mansur overthrew his uncle and possessed himself of Shiraz. Hafiz did not live to see the end of the drama, but the end was

INTRODUCTION

not far off. In 1393 Timur advanced with 30,000 picked men against Mansur. The Muzaffaride, with only 3000 or 4000 men, twice charged into the heart of the Tartar force, and at one moment Timur's own life was in danger. Mansur, who was himself fighting in the thickest of the battle, sent a message back to the wings of his army, ordering them to support his desperate charge ; but they did not obey his command. He fell fighting beneath the sword of Shah Rukh Mirza, Timur's son, leaving the conqueror to " march in triumph through Persepolis." Courage was a quality in which the descendants of Mahommad ibn Muzaffar were not deficient, but among a race of soldiers Mansur seems to have been distinguished for his reckless bearing. He, too, like the other members of his family, was a patron of learning, and it is related that he used to distribute 200 tomans daily among the poor scholars of Shiraz. Both on account of their popularity and of their bravery, Timur saw that there would be no peace for him in Shiraz while one member of the house of Muzaffar remained alive ; Mansur's survivors were put to the sword.

Through all these changes of fortune, Hafiz appears to have played the prudent, if rather unromantic part of the Vicar of Bray. The slender thread of his personal history is made up for the most part of more or less mythical anecdote. He





INTRODUCTION

was the son, according to one tradition, of a baker of Shiraz, in which city he was probably educated. The poet Jami says that he does not know under what Sufi doctor Hafiz studied. As a young man, however, he was one of the followers of Sheikh Mahmud Attar, who would seem to have been somewhat of a free-lance among the learned men of Shiraz. Sheikh Mahmud did not give himself up completely to the contemplative life, but combined the functions of a teacher with those of a dealer in fruit and vegetables. "Oh disciple of the tavern!" sings Hafiz, "give me the precious goblet, that I may drink to the Sheikh who has no monastery." Sheikh Mahmud's attitude doubtless brought him under the condemnation of the stricter Sufis, of the disciples of a certain Sheikh Hassan Asrakpush in particular, who, as the title of their master denotes, clad themselves only in blue garments, and declared that their minds were filled with heavenly desires, just as their bodies were clothed in the colour of heaven. Hafiz falls foul of this rival school in several of his poems. "I am the servant," he says, "of all who scatter the dregs of the cup and are clothed in one colour (that is, clothed in sincerity), but not of them whose bodies are clad in blue while black is the colour of their heart." And again: "Give me not the cup until I have torn from my breast the blue robe," by which he means that he




INTRODUCTION

cannot receive the teachings of true wisdom until he has divested himself of the errors of the uninitiated. From Sheikh Mahmud, perhaps, he learnt a wholesome philosophy which enabled him to see through the narrow-minded asceticism of other religious teachers, whether Sufi or orthodox, and he was not unmindful of the debt he owed him. "My Grey-Beard," he sings, "who scatters the dregs of the wine, has neither gold nor power, but God has made him both munificent and merciful." And indeed if he succeeded in unchaining the spirit of his disciple from useless prejudice, it may be admitted that the Sheikh went far towards providing him with a good equipment for life. Although he never submitted to any strict monastic rule, Hafiz assumed the dervish habit of which he speaks so contemptuously. We must suppose that he took the precaution, which he himself recommends, of washing it clean in the wine that Sheikh Mahmud provided for him ; in other words, that he tempered his orthodoxy with the freer doctrines he had derived from his teacher. He also became a sheikh.

How he first revealed his inimitable gift of song is not known. There is a tradition that upon a certain day one of his uncles was engaged in composing a poem upon Sufism, and being but a mediocre poetaster, could get no further than the first line. Hafiz took up the sheet in his uncle's





INTRODUCTION


absence and completed the verse. The uncle was not a little annoyed ; he bade Hafiz finish the poem, and at the same time cursed him and his works. " They shall bring insanity," he declared, " upon all that read them." Men say that the curse still hangs over the Divan, therefore let no one whose reason is not strongly seated venture to study the poet. Whatever were his beginnings, it was not long before the young man rose into high repute. Abu Ishac was his first patron. " By the favour of the victorious standards of a king," says Hafiz, " I was uplifted like a banner among the makers of verse." There is a long poem addressed to Abu Ishac, in which he is called the King under whose feet the garden of his kingdom bursts into flower. " Oh great and holy ! " cries the poet, " every man who is a servant of thine is uplifted so high that the stars of Gemini are but as his girdle." Hafiz must have been in Shiraz when Abu Ishac was brought thither, a prisoner, from Isfahan ; he may even have witnessed his execution outside Persepolis. " Fate overtook him," he sighs, " all too speedily—alas for the violence and oppression in this world of pitfalls ! alas for the grace and the mercy that dwelt among us ! Hast thou not heard, oh Hafiz, the laugh of the strutting partridge ? Little considered be the clutching talons of the falcon of death."

From the protection of Abu Ishac, Hafiz passed

INTRODUCTION

into that of Shah Shudja, but the relations between the two men seem to have been somewhat strained. Shah Shudja may have distrusted the loyalty of one to whom Abu Ishac had been so good a patron ; moreover, he nursed a professional jealousy of Hafiz, being himself a writer of occasional verse. The historian Khondamir tells of an interview which cannot have increased the goodwill of either interlocutor towards the other. Shah Shudja reproached Hafiz with the discursiveness of his songs. " In one and the same," he said, " you write of wine, of Sufism, and of the object of your affections. Now this is contrary to the practice of the eloquent." " That which your Majesty has deigned to speak," replied Hafiz (laying his tongue in his cheek, though Khondamir does not mention the fact), " is the essence of the truth ; yet the poems of Hafiz enjoy a wide celebrity, whereas those of some other writers have not passed beyond the gates of Shiraz." But an occasional bandying of sharp speeches, in which the King usually came off second best, did little harm to a friendship which was based upon a marked correspondence in tastes. " Since the hour," declares Hafiz, " that the wine-cup received honour from Shah Shudja, Fortune has put the goblet of joy into the hand of all wine-drinkers " ; and in several poems he welcomes Shah Shudja's accession to the throne and the consequent removal





INTRODUCTION

of an edict against the drinking of wine : “ The daughter of the grape has repented of her retirement; she went to the keeper of the peace (*i.e.* Shah Shudja) and received permission for her deeds. Forth came she from behind the curtain that she might tell her lovers that she has turned about.” Partly out of gratitude, partly with an eye to future favours, Hafiz proclaimed the glory of Shah Shudja, just as he had proclaimed that of the hapless Abu Ishac, and the King was not averse from such good wishes as these from the most famous poet of the age : “ May the ball of the heavens be for ever in the crook of thy polo stick, and the whole world be a playing-ground unto thee. The fame of thy goodness has conquered the four quarters of the earth ; may it be for all time a guardian unto thee ! ”


One of Shah Shudja’s vizirs, Hadji Kawameddin Hassan, was also a good friend to Hafiz. In the poems he is frequently alluded to as the second Assaf (the first Assaf having been King Solomon’s vizir, renowned for his wisdom), while Shah Shudja masquerades under the title of Solomon himself. On his return from a journey, probably to Yezd, Hafiz spent some months in the house of the Vizir—induced thereto by a cogent argument. In one of the poems there is a dialogue between himself and a friend, in which the friend says to him, “ When after two years’ absence thy destiny has

INTRODUCTION

brought thee home, why comest thou not out of thy master's house ? ” Hafiz replies that the road in which he walks is not of his choosing : “ An officer of my judge stands, like a serpent, in ambush upon the path, and whenever I would pass beyond my master's threshold he serves me with a summons and hurries me back into my prison.” He goes on to remark that under these painful circumstances he finds his master's house a sure refuge, and the servants of the Vizir useful allies against the officers of the law. “ If any one proffers a demand to me there, I call to my aid the strong arm of one of the Vizir's dependants, and with a blow I cause his skull to be cleft in two.” A summary manner, one would think, of dealing with the law, and little calculated to incline the heart of his judge towards the offender.

There is another Khawameddin who is frequently mentioned, the Vizir of Sultan Oweis of Baghdad. He founded in Shiraz a college for Hafiz, in which the poet gave lectures on the Koran, and read out his own verses, and whither his fame drew a great number of pupils. We find Hafiz asking his benefactor for money to support this school in the following terms : “ Oh discreet friend (my poem), in some retired spot to which even the wind is a stranger, come to the ear of the master, and between jest and earnest place the pointed saying, that his heart may consent unto it ; then, of thy kindness,





INTRODUCTION

pray his munificence to tell me, if I were to ask for a small stipend, would my request be tolerated ? ” One cannot but hope that so charming a begging letter, couched in verse withal, was more than tolerated. It was probably this Vizir who sent a robe of honour to Hafiz which, when it came, proved to be too short for him ; “ but,” says the poet politely, “ no favour of thine could be too short for any man.”


From Oweis himself Hafiz is said to have received kindness, but he does not seem to have been satisfied with the Sultan’s conduct towards him : “ From my heart,” he says, “ I am the slave of Sultan Oweis, but he remembers not his servant.” The son of Oweis, Sultan Ahmed of Baghdad, whose cruelty caused his subjects to call in the aid of Timur against him, was very anxious to induce Hafiz to visit his court ; but Hafiz, perhaps with prudence, declined the invitation, saying that he was content with dry bread eaten at home, and had no desire to taste the honey that pilgrims gather by the roadside. He sent to Ahmed a poem in which he loaded his name with extravagant praise. “ On Persian soil,” he declared, “ the bud of joy has never blown for me. How excellent is the Tigris of Baghdad and the perfumed wine ! Oh wind of the dawn, bring unto me the dust from my friend’s threshold, that Hafiz may wash bright with it the eyes of his heart.”

INTRODUCTION

Once only did he comply with the invitations of foreign kings, and his experience on that occasion was far from encouraging. He visited Shah Yahya, Shah Shudja's brother, at Yezd, but the reward which he received was not commensurate with his expectations. "Long life to thee and thy heart's desire, oh Cup-bearer of Djem's court!" he writes—and the context shows that the allusion is to Shah Yahya—"though while I dwelt with thee my cup was never filled with wine." Moreover, a devoted lover of Shiraz, Hafiz was overcome with homesickness when he was absent from his native town. "Why," he says in a pathetic little poem written while he was at Yezd—"Why should I not return to mine own home? Why should I not lay my dust in the street of mine own beloved? My bosom cannot endure the sorrows of exile; let me return to mine own city, let me be master of my heart's desire." It was after this luckless visit to Shah Yahya that he is said to have remarked, "It seems that Fortune did not intend kings to be wise."

He never again gathered the honey of the roads of pilgrimage. Once, indeed, in answer to the pressing invitation of Shah Mahmud Purabi, Sultan of Bengal, he set forth for India; but a series of accidents befell him, he lost heart and returned home again. The story is told in a note to Poem XXI.





INTRODUCTION


From the Sultan of Hormuz he received many favours, though he refused to visit him and his pearl fisheries in the Persian Gulf. He compares this Sultan with Shah Yahya, much to the disadvantage of the latter, saying that the King who had never seen him had filled his mouth with pearls, whereas Shah Yahya, to whose court he had journeyed, had sent him empty away.

Shah Shudja was not the only member of the house of Muzaffar who protected Hafiz ; the warrior prince Mansur was his staunch friend. He appears to have been absent from Shiraz at the time of Mansur's accession—perhaps he had accompanied Timur's retreating army. "The wind has brought me word," he cries, "that the day of sorrow is overpast ; I will return to Shiraz through the favour of my friend. On the banners of the Conqueror (*i.e.* Mansur, of whose name this is the meaning) Hafiz is borne up into heaven ; fleeing for refuge, his destiny has set him upon the steps of a throne." Mansur held the poet in high esteem. There is a tradition that when he appointed one of his sons governor over a province, the young man asked his father to give him his vizir, Jelaledin, as a counsellor, and Hafiz as a teacher. "What !" replied Mansur, "wouldst thou be King even in thy father's lifetime, that thou demandest of him the two wisest men in his realm ?"

INTRODUCTION

Hafiz by this time had grown old. Youth had been very pleasant ; not without a sigh the grey-haired man relinquished it. “ Ah, why has my black hair turned white ! ” he laments, and tries to warm his old blood with the wine of former days. “ Yesterday at dawn I came upon one or two glasses of wine—as sweet as the lip of the Cup-bearer they seemed to my palate. And then, my brain afire, I desired to return to my mistress, Youth, but between us a divorce had been pronounced.” And again : “ Last night Hafiz strayed into the tavern, and it seemed to him that Youth, his mistress, had come back, and that love and madness had returned to his old head.” “ Gieb meine Jugend mir zurück ! ” Other poets besides Hafiz have sung to the same tune. Whether or no he lived to witness the overthrow of the race that had sheltered him, he foresaw the troubles that were coming upon it and upon his beloved Shiraz. There is a short poem full of foreboding which is said to have been written after the entry of Timur : “ What tumult I see beneath the moon’s orbit, every quarter of the earth is full of evil and wickedness ! There is strife among our daughters, and among our mothers contention, and the father is evilly disposed towards his son. Only the foolish are drinking sherbet of rose-water and sugar ; the wise are nourished upon their own heart’s blood. The Arabian horse is wounded





INTRODUCTION

beneath the saddle, and the ass wears a collar of gold about his neck. Master, take the counsel of Hafiz : ' Go and do good ! ' for I see that this maxim is worth more than a treasure-house of jewels." In several verses he congratulates Mansur upon a victory and a fortunate return to Shiraz, which may perhaps refer to the re-establishment of the Muzaffaride line after Timur's departure. " Give me the cup," he says in one of these, " for the airs of youth blow through my old head, so glad am I to see the King's face again."


The date of his death is variously given as 1388, 1389, 1391, and 1394, but it seems unlikely that he should have been alive as late as 1394. 1389 is the year given in a couplet by an unknown author, which is inscribed upon his tomb : " If thou wouldst know when he sought a home in the dust of Mosalla, seek his date in the dust of Mosalla." The letters of the Persian words *Khak-i-Mosalla*, dust of Mosalla, give the number 791, that is 1389 of our era. He lies in the garden of Mosalla outside Shiraz, a garden the praises of which he was never tired of singing, and on the banks of the Ruknabad, where he had so often rested under the shade of cypress-trees. When, some sixty years after the poet's death, Sultan Baber conquered Shiraz, he erected a monument over the tomb of Hafiz. An oblong block of stone on which are

INTRODUCTION

carved two songs from the Divan, marks the grave. At the head of it is inscribed a sentence in Arabic : " God is the enduring, and all else passes away." The garden contains the tombs of many devout Persians who have desired to rest in the sacred earth which holds the bones of the poet, and his prophecy that his grave should become a place of pilgrimage for all the drunkards of the world has been to a great extent fulfilled. A very ancient cypress, said to be of Hafiz's own planting, stood for many hundreds of years at the head of his grave, and " cast its shadow o'er the dust of his desire."

It is not often that a teacher and the favourite of princes enjoys unmixed popularity, especially when his criticisms of such as disagree with him are as harsh and as often repeated as are those of Hafiz ; nor does he seem to have been an exception to the general rule. Moreover, his own conduct gave his enemies sufficient grounds for complaint. His biographers, as biographers will, take a rosy view of his life. Daulat Shah, for instance, states that " he turned always to the company of dervishes and of wise men, and sometimes he attained also to the society of princes ; a friend of persons of eminent virtue and perfection, and of noble youths." But such accounts as these are not entirely borne out by other traditions, and his poems do not seem to the unbiased reader to be the works of a man of





INTRODUCTION

ascetic temperament. With all due deference to Daulat Shah, I would submit that Abu Ishac, Shah Shudja, and Shah Mansur were none of them persons of eminent virtue ; indeed, it is difficult to imagine that a friend and panegyrist of theirs could have renounced all the joys of life. His enemies went so far as to accuse him of heresy and even of atheism, and so strong was popular feeling against him that, on his death, it was debated whether his body might be given the rites of burial. The question was only settled by consulting his poems, which, on being taken at haphazard, opened upon the following verse : " Fear not to follow with pious feet the corpse of Hafiz, for though he was drowned in the ocean of sin, he may find a place in paradise." It is a fortunate age which will allow a man's writings to stand his doubtful reputation in such good stead.

Hafiz was married and he had a son. He laments the death of both wife and child in two poems which are translated in this volume. In spite of all the favours which he received from the great men of his day, he is said to have died poor.

During his lifetime he was too busy " teaching and composing philosophical treatises," says his great Turkish editor, Sudi, " to gather together his songs ; he used to recite them in his school, expressing a wish that these pearls might be strung together for the adornment of his contemporaries." This


INTRODUCTION

was done after his death by his pupil Sayyed Kasim el Anwar, and the Divan of Hafiz is one of the most popular books in the Persian language. From India to Constantinople his songs are sung and repeated by all who speak the Persian tongue, and the number of his European translators shows that his uncle's curse has a special and peculiar influence in Western countries. Like the *Æneid*, the Divan of Hafiz is consulted as a guide to future action. There are several stories of famous men who have had recourse to these *Sortes Hafizianæ*. It is related that Nadir Shah took counsel from Hafiz's book when he was meditating an expedition against Tauris, and opened it at the following verse : " Irak and Fars thou hast conquered with thy songs, oh Hafiz ; now it is the turn of Baghdad and the appointed hour of Tabriz." Nadir Shah took this as an encouragement to fresh conquest, and went on his way rejoicing.

It is not only as a maker of exquisite verse but also as a philosopher that Hafiz has gained so wide an esteem in the East. No European who reads his Divan but will be taken captive by the delicious music of his songs, the delicate rhythms, the beat of the refrain, and the charming imagery. Some of them are instinct with the very spirit of youth and love and joy, some have a nobler humanity and cry out across the ages with a voice pitifully like our

D





INTRODUCTION

own ; and yet few of us will turn to Hafiz for wisdom and comfort, or choose him as a guide. It is the interminable, the hopeless mysticism, the playing with words that say one thing and mean something totally different, the vagueness of a philosophy that dares not speak out, which repels the European just as much as it attracts the Oriental mind. " Give us a working theory," we demand. " Build us imaginary mansions where our souls, fugitives from the actual, may dream themselves away "—that, it seems to me, is what the Persian asks of his teacher.

Hafiz belonged to the great sect from which so many of the most famous among Persian writers have sprung. Like Sa'di and Jami and Jelaleddin Rumi and a score of others, he was a Sufi. The history of Sufism has yet to be written, the sources from which it arose are uncertain, and that it should have found a home in Mahommadanism, the least mystical of all religions, is still unexplained. Some have supposed that Sufism was imported from India after the time of Mahommad ; some that it was a development of the doctrines of Zoroaster which the Prophet's successors silenced but did not destroy. In reply to the first theory it has been objected that there is no historic proof of relations between India and Mahommadan countries after the Mahommadan era and before the rise of Sufism, by which the

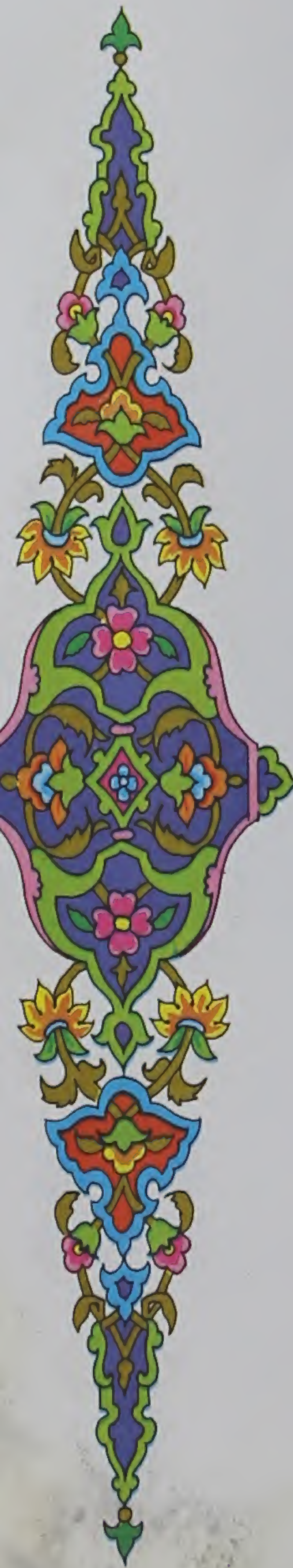
INTRODUCTION

doctrines of the Indian mystics could have been propagated ; and as for the second, it seems improbable that Sufism, of which the essential doctrine is unity, could have borrowed much from a religion as sharply opposed to it as that of Zoroaster, whose creed is founded upon a dualism. A third theory is that the origins of Sufism are to be looked for in the philosophy of the Greeks, strangely distorted by the Eastern mind, and in the influence of Christianity ; but though the works of Plato are frequently quoted by mystical writers, and though it seems certain that they owe something both to the Neo-Platonic school of Alexandria and to the Christian religion, this would not be enough to account for the great perversion of Mahommad's teaching.

Baron Sylvestre de Sacy suggested the following explanation of the matter.¹ The second century of the Hejira was a time of fermentation and of the rise of sects. This was due in the first place to the introduction of Greek philosophy, and in the second to the rivalry between the partisans of Ali and those of the Ommiad and Abbaside Khalifs. It was among the followers of Ali that the doctrines of the union of God and man, the infusion of the Divinity in the imams, and the allegorical interpretation of religious ceremonies grew up. Daulat Shah in his Biography of the Persian Poets traces back mysticism

¹ *Journal des Savants* for 1821 and 1822.





INTRODUCTION

as far as to Ali himself, though it is probable that he is imputing to the son-in-law of the Prophet beliefs which were of a somewhat later date. By force of circumstances the Alides were placed in opposition to the ruling Khalifs, and were obliged to find a justification for their attitude, and for submitting to the observances enjoined by those whom they refused to recognise as true representatives of Mahommad. They read the Koran by the light of a new creed, and interpreted it in a manner far different from that intended by its author. From the moment when the division between Shi'ite and Sunni sprang into being, the Shi'ites, or followers of Ali, made the eastern provinces of the Khalifate their stronghold. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a mysticism, in every way contrary to the true spirit of the Koran, made in those provinces nearest to India so rapid a progress, because, before the conquest of Persia by the Arabs, Indian mysticism had already struck root there. That is to say, that there had grown up, side by side with Zoroastrianism, a mysticism eminently congenial to the peculiar temper of the Persian mind—so congenial, indeed, that it was not stamped out by the Arab conquerors, but insinuated itself into the stern and practical creed which they forced upon a nation of dreamers and metaphysicians.* The author of the Dabistan, a book written in the seventeenth century, con-



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INTRODUCTION

taining the description of twelve different faiths, relates that there existed in Persia a sect belonging to the Yekaneh Bina, of those whose eyes are fixed upon One alone : “ They say that the world has no external or tangible existence ; all that is, is God, and beyond him there is nothing. The intelligences and the souls of men, the angels, the heavens, the stars, the elements, and the three kingdoms of nature exist only in the mind of God and have no existence beyond.” “ If this Indian doctrine of Maya, or Illusion,” adds M. de Sacy, “ had been transferred to Persia, there is every reason to believe that mysticism, grounded on the doctrine that all things are an emanation from God and that unto him they shall return, may be traced to the same source.”

The keynote of Sufism is the union, the identification of God and man. It is a doctrine which lies at the root of all spiritual religions, but pushed too far it leads to pantheism, quietism, and eventually to nihilism. The highest good to which the Sufis can attain, is the annihilation of the actual—to forget that they have a separate existence, and to lose themselves in the Divinity as a drop of water is lost in the ocean.¹ In order to obtain this end

¹ Numberless beautiful images are used to describe the union of God and man. Jelaleddin Rumi points the same moral in the following exquisite apologue : “ There came one and knocked at the door of the Beloved. And a voice answered and said, ‘ Who is there ? ’ The lover replied, ‘ It is I.’ ‘ Go





INTRODUCTION

they recommend ascetic living and solitude ; but they do not carry asceticism to the absurd extremes enjoined by the Indian mystics, nor do they approve of artificial aids for the subduing of consciousness, such as opium, or hashish, or the wild physical exertions of the dancing dervishes. The drunkenness of the Sufi poets, say their interpreters, is nothing but an ecstatic frame of mind, in which the spirit is intoxicated with the contemplation of God just as the body is intoxicated with wine. According to the Dabistan there are four stages in the manifestation of the Divinity : in the first the mystic sees God in the form of a corporal being ; in the second he sees him in the form of one of his attributes of action, as the Maker or the Preserver of the world ; in the third he appears in the form of an attribute which exists in his very essence, as knowledge or life ; in the fourth the mystic is no longer conscious of his own existence. To the last he can hope to attain but seldom.


This losing of the soul in God is only a return (and here we come near to such Platonic doctrines as those embodied in the *Phædrus*) to the conditions which existed before birth into the world. Just as in the *Dialogue* the immortal steed which is har-

hence,' returned the voice ; ' there is no room within for thee and me.' Then came the lover a second time and knocked, and again the voice demanded, ' Who is there ? ' He answered, ' It is thou.' ' Enter,' said the voice, ' for I am within.' "

INTRODUCTION

nessed to the chariot of the soul, longs to return to the plain of birth, and to see again the true justice, beauty, and wisdom of which it has retained an imperfect recollection, so the soul of the Sufi longs to return to God, from whom it has been separated by the mortal veil of the body. But this reunion is pushed much further by the Eastern philosophers than by Plato ; it implies, according to them, the complete annihilation of distinct personality, corresponding to the conditions, quite unlike those described by the Platonic Socrates, which they believe to have existed before birth. There is nothing which is not from God and a part of God. In himself he contains both being and not being ; when he chooses he casts his reflection upon the void, and that reflection is the universe. There is a fine passage in Jami's Yusuf and Zuleikha in which he sets forth this doctrine of the creation. "Thou art but the glass," the poet concludes, "his is the face reflected in the mirror ; nay, if thou lookest steadfastly, thou shalt see that he is the mirror also." In a parable, Jami illustrates the universal presence of God, and the blind searching of man for that by which he is surrounded on every side. There was a frog which sat upon the shores of the ocean, and ceaselessly day and night he sang its praise. "As far as mine eyes can see," he said, "I behold nothing but thy boundless





INTRODUCTION

surface." Some fish swimming in the shallow water heard the frog's song, and were filled with a desire to find that wonderful ocean of which he spoke, but go where they would they could not discover it. At last, in the course of their search, they fell into a fisherman's net, and as soon as they were drawn out of the water they saw beneath them the ocean for which they had been seeking. With a leap they returned into it.

The story of the creation as told in the Koran it is impossible for the Sufis to accept; they are bound to give an outward adhesion to it, but in their hearts they treat it as an allegory. The world is posterior to God only in the nature of its existence and not in time: the Sufis were not far from the doctrine of the eternity of matter, from which they were only withheld by the necessity of conforming with the teaching of the Koran. They content themselves with saying that the world came into existence when it pleased God to manifest himself beyond himself, and will cease when it shall please him to return into himself again. It is more difficult to dispose of the resurrection of the body, which is constantly insisted upon by Mahommad. That the soul, when it has at last attained to complete union with God, should be obliged to return to the prison from whence it has escaped at death, is entirely repugnant to all Sufis;

INTRODUCTION

nor can they explain satisfactorily the divergence of their opinions from those of the Prophet.


It has been well said that all religious teachers who have honestly tried to construct a working formula, have found that one of their greatest difficulties lay in reconciling the all-powerfulness of God with man's consciousness of his will being free ; for on the one hand it is impossible to conceive a God worth the name who shall be less than omnipotent and omniscient, and on the other it is essential to lay upon man some responsibility for his actions.¹ Mahommad more especially, as Count Gobineau points out in his excellent little book,² found himself confronted with this difficulty, since his primary object was to exalt the divine personality, and to lift it out of the pantheism into which it had fallen among the pre-Islamitic Arabs ; but if he did not succeed in indicating a satisfactory way out of the dilemma, it is at least unjust to accuse him of having failed to recognise it. He insisted that man is responsible for his own salvation : " Whosoever chooseth the life to come, their desire shall be acceptable unto God." ³ There is a tradition that

¹ Dr. Johnson's contribution to this vexed question is perhaps as good as any other : " Sir," said he to Boswell, " we know the will is free, there's an end on't."

² *Les Religions de l'Asie Centrale.*

³ Cf. St. Paul, who is scarcely more explicit : " Work out your own salvation ; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to work for his good pleasure " (Phil. ii. 12).





INTRODUCTION

when some of his disciples were disputing over predestination, he said to them: "Why do you not imitate Omar? For when one came to him and asked him, 'What is predestination?' he answered, 'It is a deep sea.' And a second time he replied, 'It is a dark road.' And a third time, 'It is a secret which I will not declare since God has seen fit to conceal it.'" The Sufis were obliged to abandon free will: it was impossible to attach any responsibility to the reflection in the mirror. But here, again, they did not venture to give expression to *their* real opinions, and their statements are therefore both confused and contradictory. "A man may say," remarks the author of the *Dabistan*, "that his actions are his own, and with equal truth that they are God's." In the *Gulshen-i-Raz*, a poem written in the year 1317, and therefore contemporary with Hafiz, it is distinctly laid down that God will take men's actions into account: "After that moment (*i.e.* the Day of Judgment) he will question them concerning good and evil." But such expressions as these are in direct opposition to the rest of Sufi teaching. There is neither good nor evil, since both alike flow from God, from whom all flows. Some go so far as to prefer Pharaoh to Moses, Nimrod to Abraham, because they say that though Pharaoh and Nimrod were in apparent revolt against the Divinity, in reality they knew


INTRODUCTION

their own nothingness and accepted the part that the divine wisdom had imposed upon them. There is neither reward nor punishment ; Paradise is the beauty, Hell the glory of God, and when it is said that those in Hell are wretched, it is meant that the dwellers in Heaven would be wretched in their place.¹ And finally, there is no distinction between God and man ; the soul is but an emanation from God, and a man is therefore justified in saying with the fanatic Hallaj, " I am God." Though Hallaj paid with his life for venturing to give voice to his opinion, he was only repeating aloud what all Sufis believe to be true.² " Is it permitted to a tree to say, ' I am God,' " writes the author of the *Gulshen-i-Raz* (the allusion is to the burning bush that spoke to Moses) ; " why then may not a man say it ? " And again : " In God there is no distinction of quality ; in his divine majesty I, thou, and we shall not be found. I, thou, we, and he bear the same meaning, for in unity there is no division. Every man who has annihilated the body and is entirely

¹ Dabistan.

² Hallaj lived in the ninth century. He was believed by some to be a sorcerer, and by others a holy worker of miracles. He was condemned to death with horrible tortures by the Khalif of Baghdad in 919, and his ashes were thrown into the Tigris. It is said that a Sufi once asked God why he suffered his servant Hallaj to fall into the Khalif's hands, and was answered, " Thus the revealers of secrets are punished."





INTRODUCTION

separated from himself, hears within his heart a voice that crieth, ' I am God.' "

The conception of the union and interdependence of all things divine and human is far older than Sufi thought. It goes back to the earliest Indian teaching, and Professor Deussen, in his book on Metaphysics, has pointed out the conclusion which is drawn from it in the Veda. " The gospels," he says, " fix quite correctly as the highest law of morality, Love thy neighbour as thyself. But why should I do so, since by the order of nature I feel pain and pleasure only in myself, not in my neighbour ? The answer is not in the Bible (this venerable book being not yet quite free from Semitic realism), but it is in the Veda : You shall love your neighbour as yourselves because you *are* your neighbour ; a mere illusion makes you believe that your neighbour is something different from yourselves. Or in the words of the Bhagaradgitah : He who knows himself in everything and everything in himself, will not injure himself by himself. This is the sum and tenor of all morality, and this is the standpoint of a man knowing himself a Brahman."


The Sufis were forced to pay an exaggerated deference to the Prophet and to Ali in order to keep on good terms with the orthodox, but since they believed God to be the source of all creeds they

INTRODUCTION

could not reasonably place one above another ; nay more, since they taught that any man who practised a particular religion had failed to free himself from duality and to reach perfect union with God, they must have held Mahommadanism in like contempt with all other faiths. “ When thou and I remain not (when man is completely united with God), what matters the Ka’ba and the Synagogue and the Monastery ? ” ¹ That is, what difference is there between the religion of Mahommadan, Jew, and Christian ? “ One night,” says Feridēddin Attar in a beautiful allegory, “ the angel Gabriel was seated on the branches of a tree in the Garden of Paradise, and he heard God pronounce a word of assent. ‘ At this moment,’ thought the angel, ‘ some man is invoking God. I know not who he is ; but this I know, that he must be a notable servant of the Lord, one whose soul is dead to evil and whose spirit lives.’ Then Gabriel desired to know who this man could be, but in the seven zones he found him not. He traversed the land and the sea and found him not in mountain or in plain. Therefore he hastened back to the presence of God, and again he heard him give a favourable answer to the same prayers. Again he set forth and sought through the world, yet he saw not the servant of God. ‘ Oh Lord,’ he cried, ‘ show me the path that leads to him upon

¹ Gulshen-i-Raz.





INTRODUCTION

whom thy favours fall !' 'Go to the Land of Rome,' God answered, 'and in a certain monastery thou shalt find him.' Thither fled Gabriel, and found him whom he sought, and lo ! he was worshipping an idol. When he returned, Gabriel opened his lips and said, 'Oh Master, draw aside for me the veil from this secret : why fulfillest thou the prayers of one who invokes an idol in a monastery ?' And God replied, 'His spirit is darkened and he knows not that he has missed the way ; but since he errs from ignorance, I pardon his fault : my mercy is extended to him, and I allow him to enter into the highest place.' "

In the language of religious mysticism, God is not only the Creator and Ruler of the world, he is also the Essentially Beautiful and the True Beloved. Love, of which the divine being is at once the source and the object, plays a large part in Sufi writings, a part which it is difficult, and sometimes unwise, to distinguish from an exaggerated expression of the human affections. Jami describes Pure Being, before it had been manifested in Creation, "singing of love unto itself in a wordless melody,"¹ and in the same strain Hafiz sings of "the Imperial Beauty which is for ever playing the game of love with itself." Like the echo of a Greek voice falls Jami's doctrine of human love : "Avert not thy face from

¹ Yusuf and Zuleikha.

INTRODUCTION


an earthly beloved, since even this may serve to raise thee to the love of the True." It is almost possible to read in the Persian poem the words of the wise Diotima to Socrates : " He who has been instructed thus far in the things of love, and has learnt to see the Beautiful in true order and succession, when he comes towards the end will suddenly perceive a nature of wonderful beauty, not growing or decaying, waxing or waning . . . he who, under the influence of true love, rising upward from these things begins to see that beauty, is not far from the end."

The Sufis had no difficulty in finding in the Koran texts in support of their teaching. When Mahommad exclaims, " There are times when neither cherubim nor prophet are equal unto me ! " the Sufis declare that he alludes to moments of ecstatic union with God ; and his account of the victory of Bedr—" Thou didst not slay them, but God slew them, and thou didst not shoot when thou didst shoot, but God shot "—they take as a proof of the Prophet's belief in the essential oneness of God and man.¹ The whole book is twisted after this fashion into agreement with their views.

Beautiful and spiritual as some of these doctrines are, they can hardly be said to form an adequate guide to conduct. The Sufis, however, are regarded

¹ " A Year among the Persians." Browne.





INTRODUCTION

in the East as men leading a virtuous and pure life. Even the etymology of their name points to the same conclusion : Sufi comes from an Arabic word signifying wool, and indicates that they were accustomed to clothe themselves in simple woollen garments. They occupy in the East much the same position that Madame Guyon and the Jansenists occupied in the West, and they teach the same doctrine of quietism, which, while it lends to its followers the virtues of exaggerated submission, saps the root of a faith that is manifested in works. So far as the Sufis are striving earnestly after union with God, they are saved from the logical consequences of their doctrines : “ Their ear is strained to catch the sounds of the lute, their eyes are fixed upon the cup, their bosoms are filled with the desire of this world and of the world to come.”¹ And in the same spirit Hafiz sings : “ Though the wind of discord shake the two worlds, mine eyes are fixed upon the road from whence cometh my Friend.” The idealism of the Sufis led them to deny the morality of all actions, but they restricted the consequences of their principles to the adepts who had attained to perfect union with God, and even for them the moments of ecstasy are few. Most Sufis are good and religious men, holding it their duty to conform outwardly, and no discredit to use


¹ Sayyed Ahmed of Isfahan.

INTRODUCTION

all artifices to conceal from the orthodox the beliefs which they cherish in their heart, but holding also that the practice of the Mahommadan religion, to the rites of which they have attached symbolic meanings, is the only way to the perfection to which they aspire. Nevertheless, Count Gobineau is of opinion that quietism is the great curse of the East. "The dominant characteristic of Sufism," he says, "is to unite by a weak chain of doctrine, ideas the significance of which is very different, so different that there is in reality but one connecting link between them, and that link is a quietism adapted to them all, a passive disposition of spirit which surrounds with a nimbus of inert sentiment all conceptions of God, of man, and of the universe. It is this quietism, and not Islam, which is the running sore of all Oriental countries."

Unfortunately, as he points out, the conditions of Oriental life are such as to enforce rather than to control a disposition to mysticism. The poets found ready to their hand a mass of vague and beautiful thought eminently suited to imaginative treatment ; whether they believed in it or not they used it, and thereby popularised it, delighting, as only an Oriental can, in the necessity of veiling it with exquisite symbolism, and throwing round it a cloud of charming phrases. These phrases caught and held the Oriental ear ; and the Oriental mind





INTRODUCTION


is faithful to a formula once accepted. Moreover, when a man looked about him and saw the vicissitudes of mortal existence—nowhere more marked than in the East—how conqueror succeeded conqueror and empire empire, how the humble was exalted and the mighty thrown from his seat, how swift was the vengeance of God in sweeping pestilence and resistless famine, and how unsparing the forces of nature, he turned to a philosophy which taught that all earthly things were alike vain—virtue and patriotism and the love of wife and child, power and beauty and the bold part played in a hopeless fight ; he remembered what he had learnt from poets and story-tellers—“ Behold the world is as the shadow of a cloud and a dream of the night.”

How far the Divan of Hafiz can be said to embody these doctrines, each reader must decide for himself, and each will probably arrive at a different conclusion. Between the judgment of Jami, that Hafiz was undoubtedly an eminent Sufi, and that of Von Hammer, who, playing upon his names, declared that the Sun of the Faith gave but an uncertain light, and the Interpreter of Secrets interpreted only the language of pleasure—between these two there is a wide field for differences of opinion. For my part, I cannot agree entirely either with Jami or with Von Hammer. Partly, perhaps, owing to the wise guidance of Sheikh Mahmud

INTRODUCTION

Attar, partly to a natural freedom of spirit, Hafiz seems to me to rise above the narrow views of his co-religionists, and to look upon the world from a wider standpoint. The asceticism of Sufi and orthodox he alike condemns : " The ascetic is the serpent of the age ! " he cries. I think it was not only to curry favour with a king that he welcomed the accession of Shah Shudja, nor was it only to disarm the criticism of stricter Mohammadans that he described himself as a weary seeker after wisdom, praying God to show him some guiding light by which he might direct his steps. Of the two conclusions that are commonly drawn from the statement that to-morrow we die, Hafiz accepted neither unmodified by the other. " Eat and drink," seemed to him a poor solution of the mysterious purpose of human life, and an unsatisfactory sign-post to happiness ; " the abode of pleasure," he says, " was never reached except through pain." On the other hand, he was equally unwilling to despise the good things of this world. " The Garden of Paradise may be pleasant, but forget not the shade of the willow-tree and the fair margin of the fruitful field." " Now, now while the rose is with us, sing her praise ; now, while we are here to listen, Minstrel, strike the lute ! for the burden of all thy songs has been that the present is all too short, and already the unknown future is upon us." He, too, would





INTRODUCTION

have us cut down far reaching hope to the limit of our little day, though he cherished in his heart a more or less elusive conviction that he should find the fire of love burning still, and with a purer flame, behind the veil which his eyes could not pierce.

Be that as it may, one who sings the cool rush of the wind of dawn, the scarlet cup of the tulip uplifted in solitary places, the fleeting shadows of the clouds, and the praise of gardens and fountains and fruitful fields, was not likely to forget that even if the world is no more than an intangible reflection of its Creator, the reflection of eternal beauty is in itself worthy to be admired. I wish I could believe that such innocent delights as these, and a whole-hearted desire for truth, had been enough for our poet, but I have a shrewd suspicion that the Cup-bearer brought him a wine other than that of divine knowledge, and that his mistress is considerably more than an allegorical figure. How ever willing we may be to submit to the wise men of the East when they tell us that the revelry of the poems is always a spiritual exaltation, it must be admitted that the words of the poet carry a different conviction to Western ears. There is undoubtedly a note of sincerity in his praise of love and wine and boon-companionship, and I am inclined to think that Hafiz was one of those who, like Omar Khayyam, were wont to throw the garment of

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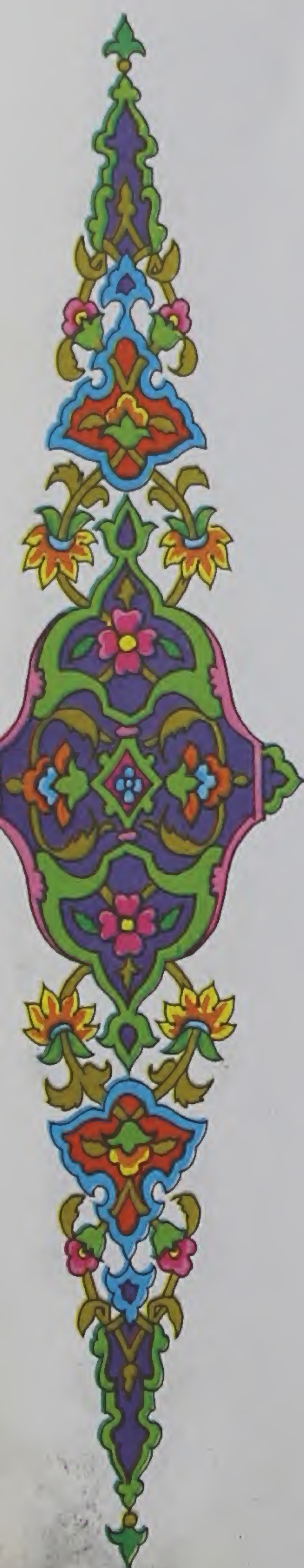


INTRODUCTION

repentance annually into the fire of Spring. It must be remembered that the morality of his day was not that of our own, and that the manners of the East resemble but vaguely those of the West ; and though as a religious teacher Hafiz would have been better advised if he had less frequently loosened the rein of his desires, I doubt whether his songs would have rung for us with the same passionate force. After all, the poems of St. Francis of Assisi are not much read nowadays. Nevertheless, the reader misses a sense of restraint both in the matter and in the manner of the Divan. To many Persians, Hafiz occupies the place that is filled by Shakespeare in the minds of many Englishmen. It may be a national prejudice, but I cannot bring myself to believe that the mental food supplied by the Oriental is as good as the other. But, then, our appetites are not the same.

The tendency in dealing with a mystical poet is to read into him so-called deeper meanings, even when the simple meaning is clear enough and sufficient in itself. Hafiz is one of those who has suffered from this process ; it has removed him, in great measure, from the touch of human sympathies which are, when all is said and done, a poet's true kingdom. Of a different age, a different race, and a different civilisation from ours, there are yet snatches in his songs of that melody of human life which is every-





INTRODUCTION

where the same. When he cries, "My beloved is gone and I had not even bidden him farewell!" his words are as poignant now as they were five centuries ago, and they could gain nothing from a mystical interpretation. As simple and as touching is his lament for his son: "Alas! he found it easy to depart, but unto me he left the harder pilgrimage." And for his wife: "Then said my heart, I will rest me in this city which is illumined by her presence; already her feet were bent upon a longer journey, but my poor heart knew it not." Not Shakespeare himself has found a more passionate image for love than: "Open my grave when I am dead, and thou shalt see a cloud of smoke rising out from it; then shalt thou know that the fire still burns in my dead heart—yea, it has set my very winding-sheet alight." Or: "If the scent of her hair were to blow across my dust when I had been dead a hundred years, my mouldering bones would rise and come dancing out of the tomb." And he knows of what he writes when he says, "I have estimated the influence of Reason upon Love and found that it is like that of a raindrop upon the ocean, which makes one little mark upon the water's face and disappears." These are the utterances of a great poet, the imaginative interpreter of the heart of man; they are not of one age, or of another, but for all time. Fitz-Gerald knew it when he

INTRODUCTION

declared that Hafiz rang true. "Hafiz is the most Persian of the Persians," he says. "He is the best representative of their character, whether his Saki and wine be real or mystical. Their religion and philosophy is soon seen through, and always seems to me cuckooed over like a borrowed thing, which people once having got do not know how to parade enough. To be sure their roses and nightingales are repeated often enough. But Hafiz and old Omar Khayyam ring like true metal." The criticism and the praise seem to me both just and delicate.

To a certain extent it may be said that the Sufism of Hafiz is partly due to the natural leaning of the Oriental poet towards a picturesque diction (for all poetry must, to satisfy Eastern readers, be couched in a veiled and enigmatic speech),¹

¹ Listen to the advice of an Afghan singer who wrote his *Ars Poetica* in the mountains south of Peshawar about the middle of the seventeenth century :—

"The arrow needs an archer, and poetry a magician.

"He must hold ever in the hand of his mind the weighing scales of metre, rejecting the verse which is too short and that which is too long.

"His mistress, Truth, shall mount her black steed, the veil of allegory drawn across her brow.

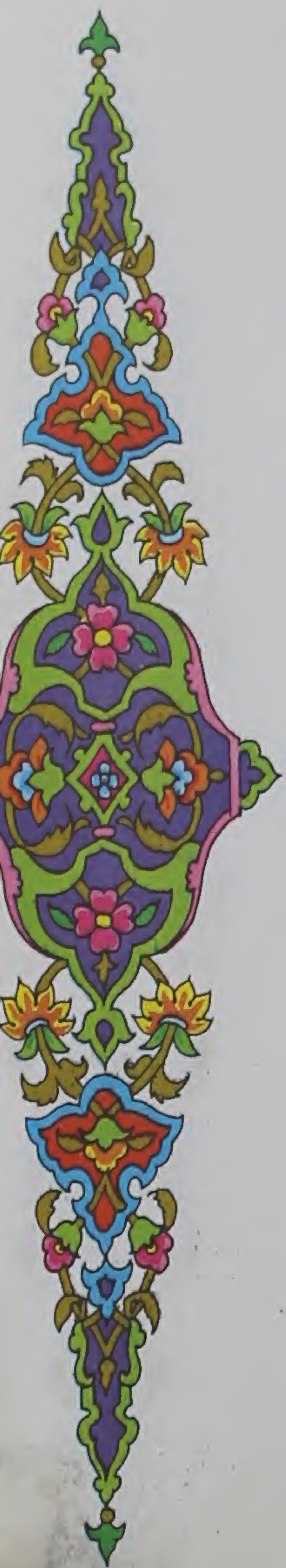
"Let her shoot from beneath her eyelashes a hundred glances, challenging and victorious.

"Let the poet place upon her fingers the jewels of the art of many hues, adorn her with the sandal-wood and the saffron of metaphor ;

"The bells of alliteration like bangles upon her feet, and on her bosom the necklace of a mysterious rhythm.

"Add to these the hidden meaning, like eyes half seen





INTRODUCTION

and has partly been read into the Divan by later ages. But this is not all. With Shah Shudja, I would accuse him of mixing up inextricably wine and love and Sufi teaching, and perhaps more besides. To some at least of the innumerable difficulties which assail every man who turns a thoughtful eye upon life and its conditions, Hafiz seems to have accepted the solution presented to him by Sufism. He understood and sympathised with the bold heresy of Hallaj, "though fools whom God hath not uplifted know not the meaning of him who said, I am God." Sometimes we find him enunciating one of the abstruser of the Sufi doctrines: "How shall I say that existence is mine when I have no knowledge of myself, or how that I exist not when mine eyes are fixed upon Him?"—a man, that is, can lay claim to no individual existence; all that he knows is that he is a part of the eternally existing. Or, again, he declares that his words are metaphorical, and should receive the full Sufi interpretation, as in the following couplet: "Boon companion, minstrel, and cup-bearer, all these are but names for Him; the image of water


through their lashes, that her whole body may be a perfect mystery."—*Translation of the Kilidi Afghani*, by T. C. Plowden.

I fear the outcome of these directions is too often "amphora coepit institui, currente rota cur urceus exit," and perhaps the advice of Horace may be the better of the two "denique sit quod vis, simplex dumtaxat et unum."

INTRODUCTION

and clay (man) is an illusion upon the road of life.” But he handles Sufism in a broad and noble manner, which links it on to the highest codes of morality accepted among the civilised races of mankind. “For all eternity the perfume of love comes not to him who has not swept with his cheek the dust from the tavern threshold”—“Blessed are the poor in spirit,” Hafiz is saying in phraseology suited to the ears of those whom he addressed. “If thou desire the jewelled cup of ruby wine,” he continues (and it is of the hunger and thirst after wisdom that he speaks), “ah, many tears shall thine eyes thread upon thine eyelashes!” He did not forget that “the Sufi gold is not always without alloy,” and he was not one of those who believe that they have discovered the answer to all human demands when their own heart is satisfied. “Since thou canst never leave the palace of thyself,” he warns us, “how canst thou hope to reach the village of truth.” The song that filled his soul with gladness might strike on other ears to a different measure; and “where is the music to which both the drunk and the sober can dance?” He was, indeed, profoundly sceptical as to the infallibility of any creed, judging men not by the practice, but by the spirit that lay beneath it: “None shall die whose heart has lived with the life love breathed into it; but when the day of reckoning comes, I fancy that the Sheikh





INTRODUCTION

will find that he has gained as little by his abstinence as I by my feasting."

Sufism apart, an undercurrent of mysticism runs through the poems which it is impossible to explain away. If we should attempt to ignore it, many of the odes would have no meaning at all, and most of them would lose a good half of their interest. Take, for instance, such verses as the following: "Heart and soul are fixed upon the desire of the Beloved: this at least *is*, for if not, heart and soul are nought. Fate is that which comes to the brink without the heart's blood; if not, all thy striving after the Garden of Paradise is nought. Throw thyself not at the foot of its sacred trees hoping for their shade; dost thou not see, oh cypress, that even these are nought unto thee?" Hafiz is engaged in that terrible weighing of possibilities which every man who thinks must know: "Surely the soul which is filled with the desire of God must have some quality which shall be stronger than death? But if this were not so . . . then indeed the soul itself is nought. Surely Fate is like an empty bowl standing upon the edge of the river of life? But if the bowl had been already filled with blood . . . then all your striving to reach the Garden of Paradise shall avail you nothing. For do you not see, you who dare to acknowledge the truth, that you cannot battle against an appointed


INTRODUCTION

Destiny, and however grateful may be the shade of the holy trees, they could afford you no protection." Nor can I believe that it is an earthly love of whom he speaks when he says, "Since the Beloved has veiled his face, how comes it that his lovers are reciting his beauties? They can only tell what they imagine to be there." We are all engaged in telling each other—only what we imagine to be there.

It is a curious coincidence (if it be nothing more) that at the time when mystical poetry was taking a recognised place in the literature of Persia and of India, it was also springing into existence in the West. The songs of the Troubadours were avowedly intended to convey a meaning deeper than that which lay upon the surface; the Romance of the Rose comes nearer than any other Western allegory to a full-fledged mysticism worthy of an Oriental poet. St. Francis addresses his Redeemer in terms not very different from those used by Hafiz to express his longing after divine wisdom, and the Beatrice, perhaps of the *Vita Nuova*, certainly of the Divine Comedy, is no less intangible than the allegorical mistress (when she is allegorical) of the Persian.

Hafiz and Dante, it is interesting to note, were almost contemporaries. At the time when Dante was climbing Can Grande's weary stair, Hafiz was opening his eyes upon a yet more tumultuous world.





INTRODUCTION


Both were driven by the confusion around them to look for some solid platform on which to build a theory of existence, but Dante found it in that strenuous personal faith which is for ever impossible to minds of the temper of that of Hafiz. Moreover, the mysticism of Dante stands with its feet planted firmly upon the earth : man and his deeds might be fleeting, but they laid so strong a hold upon the poet's imagination that he welded them into a stepping-stone to that which shall not pass away. His own life was spent in a ceaseless political activity ; for all his visionary journeys through heaven and hell, Dante lived as keenly as any of his contemporaries. The fire still burns in the dead heart ; the fierce and tender spirit, roused by turns to merciless condemnation and exquisite pity, still glows with a flame removed from mortal conditions, which the chill of death cannot extinguish as long as men shall read and understand. Through him his age lives. The people whom he had met, those of whom he had only heard, the smallest incidents of his time, the sum of all that it knew and of all that it believed, are struck out for ever, hard and sharp, in his vivid lines ; and the fortunes of Florence, of one little town in a little corner of the world, loom to us, under the poet's influence, as big and as tragic as they seemed to that most ardent of citizens. To Hafiz, on the contrary, modern in-

INTRODUCTION

stances have no value ; contemporary history is too small an episode to occupy his thoughts. During his lifetime the city that he loved, perhaps as dearly as Dante loved Florence, was besieged and taken five or six times ; it changed hands even more often. It was drenched with blood by one conqueror, filled with revelry by a second, and subjected to the hard rule of asceticism by a third. One after another Hafiz saw kings and princes rise into power and vanish " like snow upon the desert's dusty face." Pitiful tragedies, great rejoicings, the fall of kingdoms, and the clash of battle—all these he must have seen and heard. But what echo of them is there in his poems ? Almost none. An occasional allusion which learned commentators refer to some political event ; an exaggerated effusion in praise first of one king, then of another ; the celebration of such and such a victory and of the prowess of such and such a royal general—just what any self-respecting court poet would feel it incumbent upon himself to write ; and no more.

But some of us will feel that the apparent indifference of Hafiz lends to his philosophy a quality which that of Dante does not possess. The Italian is bound down within the limits of his own realism, his theory of the universe is essentially of his own age, and what to him was so acutely real is to many of us merely a beautiful or a terrible image. The





INTRODUCTION

picture that Hafiz drew represents a wider landscape, though the immediate foreground may not be so distinct. It is as if his mental eye, endowed with wonderful acuteness of vision, had penetrated into those provinces of thought which we of a later age were destined to inhabit. We can forgive him for leaving to us so indistinct a representation of his own time, and of the life of the individual in it, when we find him formulating ideas as profound as the warning that there is no musician to whose music both the drunk and the sober can dance.

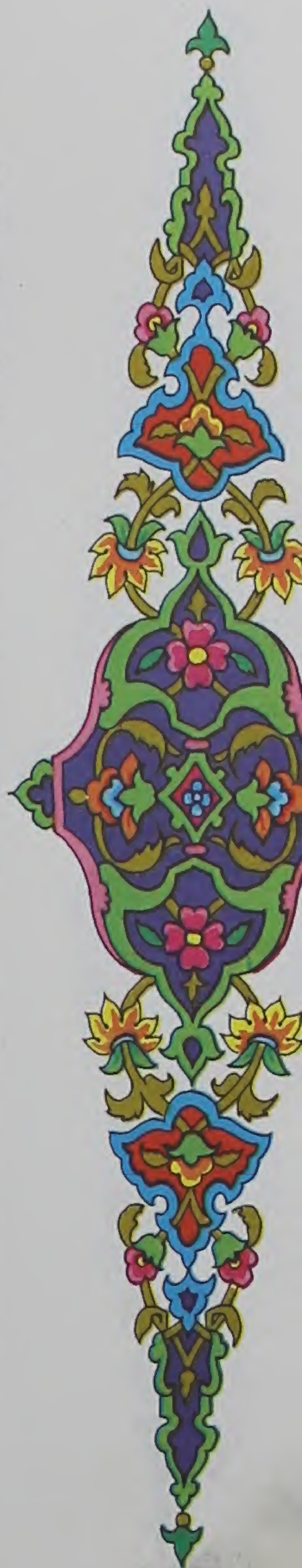
Renan has put into a few luminous sentences his view of the mystical poets of India and Persia. "On sait que dans ces pays," he says, "s'est développée une vaste littérature où l'amour divin et l'amour terrestre se croisent d'une façon souvent difficile à démêler. L'origine de ce singulier genre de poésie est une question qui n'est pas encore éclaircie. Dans beaucoup de cas les sens mystiques prêtés à certaines poésies érotiques persanes et hindoues n'ont pas plus de réalité que les allégories du Cantique des Cantiques. Pour Hafiz, par exemple, il semble bien que l'explication allégorique est le plus souvent un fruit de la fantaisie des commentateurs, ou des précautions que les admirateurs du poète étaient obligés de prendre pour sauver l'orthodoxie de leur auteur favori. Puis l'imagination étant montée sur


INTRODUCTION

ce thème, et les esprits étant faussés par une exégèse qui ne voulait voir partout qu'allégories, on en est venu à faire des poèmes réellement à double sens. Comme ceux de Djellaleddin Rumi, de Wali, &c. . . . Dans l'Inde et la Perse ce genre de poésie (érotico-mystique) est le fruit d'un extrême raffinement, d'une imagination vive et portée au quiétisme, d'un certain goût du mystère, et aussi, en Perse du moins, de l'hypocrisie imposée par le fanatisme musulman. C'est, en effet, comme réaction contre la sécheresse de l'Islamisme que le soufisme a fait fortune chez les musulmans non arabes. Il y faut voir une révolte de l'esprit arien contre l'effroyante simplicité de l'esprit sémitique, excluant par la rigueur de sa théologie toute devotion particulière, toute doctrine secrète, toute combinaison religieuse vivante et variée." ¹

Those who have written poems "réellement à double sens" are careful to insist upon the mighty secrets that their words convey. "The things which wise men, who are sometimes called drunkards and sometimes seers," says one of them, "wish to express by the words wine, cup and cup-bearer, musician, magian, and Christian girdle, are so many profound mysteries which sometimes they translate by an enigma and sometimes they reveal." The symbols used by each writer are more or less the same ; there

¹ *Cantique des Cantiques.*





INTRODUCTION

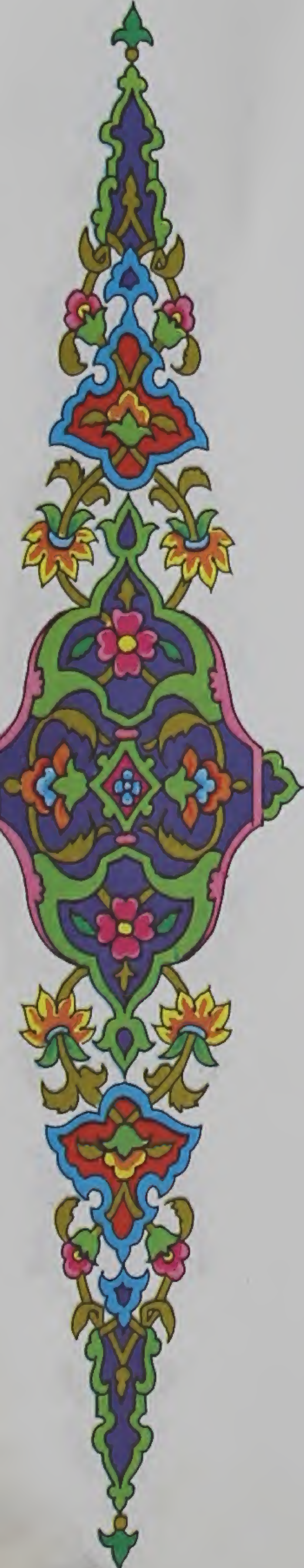
is an accepted Sufi code with which the initiated are acquainted. "The nightingale, and none beside, knows the full worth of the rose," sings Hafiz, "for many a one reads the leaf and understands not the meaning thereof." But though we may not all be nightingales, we have some guide to the interpretation of the leaf. Many of the words in the Sufi dictionary have been expounded to the outer world. The tavern, for instance, is the place of instruction or worship, of which the tavern-keeper is the teacher or priest, and the wine the spirit of divine knowledge which is poured out for his disciples ; the idol is God ; beauty is the divine perfection ; shining locks the expansion of his glory ; down on the cheek denotes the cloud of spirits that encircles his throne ; and a black mole is the point of indivisible unity. The catalogue might be continued to any extent ; almost every word has a vague and somewhat shifting significance in the language of mysticism, which he who has a mind for such exercises may decipher if he choose.

Hafiz is rather the forerunner than the founder of this school of poets. It is equally unsatisfactory to give a completely mystical or a completely material interpretation to his songs. He wrote of the world as he found it. In his experience pleasure and religion were the two most important incentives to human action ; he ignored neither the one nor the

INTRODUCTION

other. I am very conscious that my appreciation of the poet is that of the Western. Exactly on what grounds he is appreciated in the East it is difficult to determine, and what his compatriots make of his teaching it is perhaps impossible to understand. From our point of view, then, the sum of his philosophy seems to be, that though there is little of which we can be certain, that little must always be the object of all men's desire ; each of us will set out upon the search for it along a different road, and if none will find his road easy to follow, each may, if he be wise, discover compensations for his toil by the wayside. And for the rest, " Who knows the secret of the veil ? " Like many a good and brave man before his time and since, I think he was content to " faintly trust the larger hope."





ARISE, oh Cup-bearer, rise ! and bring
To lips that are thirsting the bowl they praise,
For it seemed that love was an easy thing,
But my feet have fallen on difficult ways.
I have prayed the wind o'er my heart to fling
The fragrance of musk in her hair that sleeps—
In the night of her hair—yet no fragrance stays
The tears of my heart's blood my sad heart weeps.

Hear the Tavern-keeper who counsels you :
“ With wine, with red wine your prayer carpet dye ! ”
There was never a traveller like him but knew
The ways of the road and the hostelry.
Where shall I rest, when the still night through,
Beyond thy gateway, oh Heart of my heart,
The bells of the camels lament and cry :
“ Bind up thy burden again and depart ! ”

The waves run high, night is clouded with fears,
And eddying whirlpools clash and roar ;
How shall my drowning voice strike their ears
Whose light-freighted vessels have reached the shore ?
I sought mine own ; the unsparing years
Have brought me mine own, a dishonoured name.
What cloak shall cover my misery o'er
When each jesting mouth has rehearsed my shame !

Oh Hafiz, seeking an end to strife,
Hold fast in thy mind what the wise have writ :
“ If at last thou attain the desire of thy life,
Cast the world aside, yea, abandon it ! ”

أَلَا يَا أَيُّهَا السَّاقِي أَدِرْ كَأْسًا وَنَادِلَهَا

که عشق آهپان نمود اولی اقادشکها

يَبْوِي نَافِلِي كَأْسًا خَصْبًا زَانِ طَرَفًا بَحِيًّا

ز تاب جعد مشکینش چرخ خون اقاد در دلها

بِي سَجَادَةٍ رَمَكَيْنِ كُنْ كَرَّتْ بِرَمْعَانِ كَوِيًّا

که سالک بیخبر نبود ز راه و رسم شریکها

شُبَّارِيكَ وَبِیْمِ مَوْجٍ وَكَرْدَابِي خَسِينِ بَالِيًّا

کجا دانند حال ما سپیداران ساحلها

مَرَادُ مَسْنَدِ جَانَانِ بِهَنْ عِشِّ حُورِ هَرْدَمِ

هر پس فریاد میدارد که بر بندید محکمها

بِمَهْ كَارَمٍ زِخْوَدِ كَامِي بِنَامِي كَشِيدِ آخِرِ

نهان کی ماند آن رازی گزان سازند محملها

حُصُورِي كَرِهِي خَوَابِي اَزْوَغَابِ مَوْحَا

مستی تاملق من تبهوی دُغ الدُّنْيَا وَهَمَلَهَا



WHERE is my ruined life, and where the fame
Of noble deeds ?
Look on my long-drawn road, and whence it came,
And where it leads !

Can drunkenness be linked to piety
And good repute ?
Where is the preacher's holy monody,
Where is the lute ?

From monkish cell and lying garb released,
Oh heart of mine,
Where is the Tavern fane, the Tavern priest,
Where is the wine ?

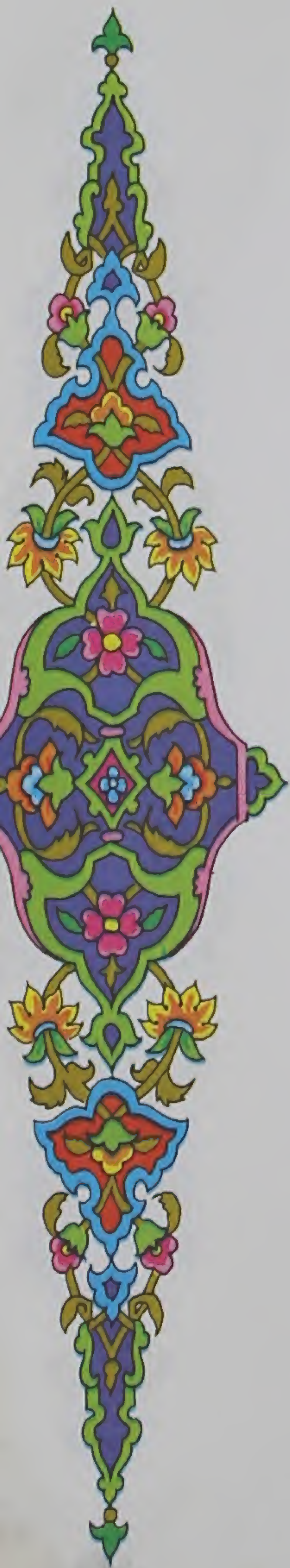
Past days of meeting, let the memory
Of you be sweet !
Where are those glances fled, and where for me
Reproaches meet ?

His friend's bright face warms not the enemy
When love is done—
Where is the extinguished lamp that made night day,
Where is the sun ?

Balm to mine eyes the dust, my head I bow
Upon thy stair.
Where shall I go, where from thy presence ? thou
Art everywhere.

Look not upon the dimple of her chin,
Danger lurks there !
Where wilt thou hide, oh trembling heart, fleeing in
Such mad haste—where ?

To steadfastness and patience, friend, ask not
If Hafiz keep—
Patience and steadfastness I have forgot,
And where is sleep ?





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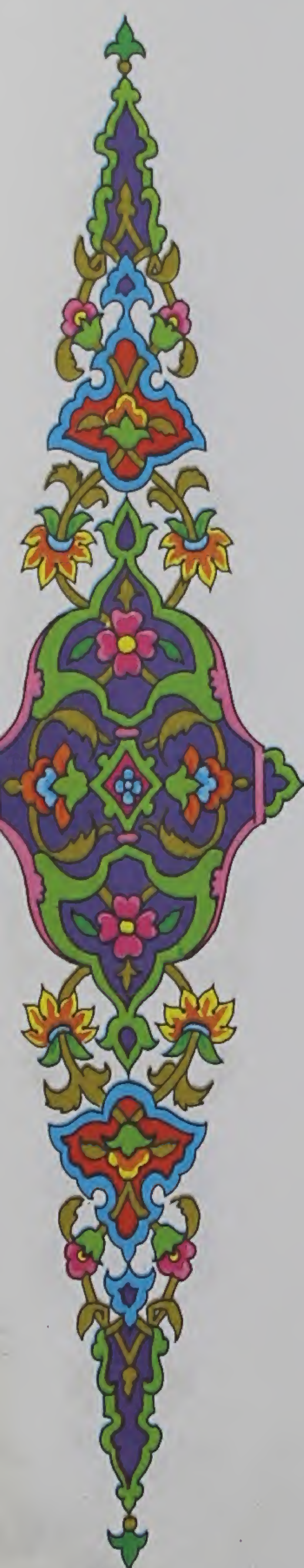
چو کحل منیش ما خاک آستان شتاب

کجا رویم به سرما ازین جناب کجا

قرار و خواب ز حافظ طمع مدارای دوست

قرار چیست صوری کدام و خواب کجا





OH Turkish maid of Shiraz ! in thy hand
If thou'lt take my heart, for the mole on thy cheek
I would barter Bokhara and Samarkand.
Bring, Cup-bearer, all that is left of thy wine !
In the Garden of Paradise vainly thou'lt seek
The lip of the fountain of Ruknabad,
And the bowers of Mosalla where roses twine.

They have filled the city with blood and broil,
Those soft-voiced Lulis for whom we sigh ;
As Turkish robbers fall on the spoil,
They have robbed and plundered the peace of my heart.
Dowered is my mistress, a beggar am I ;
What shall I bring her ? a beautiful face
Needs nor jewel nor mole nor the tiring-maid's art.

Brave tales of singers and wine relate,
The key to the Hidden 'twere vain to seek ;
No wisdom of ours has unlocked that gate,
And locked to our wisdom it still shall be.
But of Joseph's beauty the lute shall speak ;
And the minstrel knows that Zuleika came forth,
Love parting the curtains of modesty.

When thou spokest ill of thy servant 'twas well—
God pardon thee ! for thy words were sweet ;
Not unwelcomed the bitterest answer fell
From lips where the ruby and sugar lay.
But, fair Love, let good counsel direct thy feet ;
Far dearer to youth than dear life itself
Are the warnings of one grown wise—and grey !

The song is sung and the pearl is strung ;
Come hither, oh Hafiz, and sing again !
And the listening Heavens above thee hung
Shall loose o'er thy verse the Pleiades' chain.

اگر آن ترک شیرازی بدست آرد دل ما

بخال هندویش بخیم سر قند و بخارا را

بده ساقی می باقی که در جنت نخواهی یافت

کنار آب زکنا باد و کلکشت مصلّا را

فغان کاین لویان شوخ شیرین کار شهر آشوب

چنان بزد صبر از دل که ترکان جوان نیا

من از آن جن و ذر افزون که یوسف داشت نسیم

که عشق از پرده عصمت بر بون آرد زلیخا را

ز عشق ناتمام ما جمال یار مستغنی است

بآب و رنگ و خال و خط چه حاجت یومی ریا

بدم گفتی و خردم غنا که اندک کرم کردی

جواب تلخ می زید لب لعل شکر خارا

نصیحت گوش کن جان که از جان دوسته داند

جوانان سعادتمند پسند سپهر دانا را

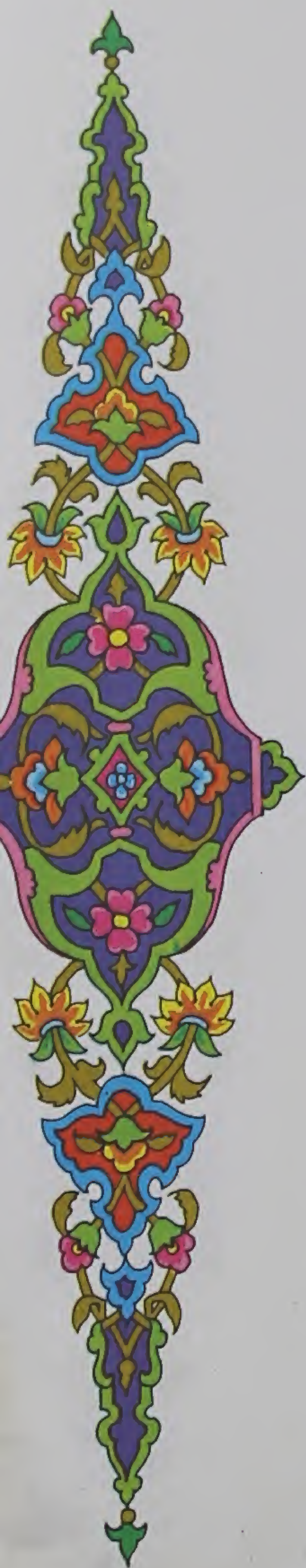
حدیث از مطرب و می گووار دهت کمر حو

که کس نگوید و بخشاید بحکمت این معمارا

غزل گفتی و در نصی میا و خوش سخن خوان فلّ

که بر نظم تو افشاند فلک عقد ثریا را





OH Cup-bearer, set my glass afire
With the light of wine ! oh minstrel, sing :
The world fulfilleth my heart's desire !
Reflected within the goblet's ring
I see the glow of my Love's red cheek,
And scant of wit, ye who fail to seek
The pleasures that wine alone can bring !

Let not the blandishments be checked
That slender beauties lavish on me,
Until in the grace of the cypress decked,
My Love shall come like a ruddy pine-tree
He cannot perish whose heart doth hold
The life love breathes—though my days are told,
In the Book of the World lives my constancy.

But when the Day of Reckoning is here,
I fancy little will be the gain
That accrues to the Sheikh for his lawful cheer,
Or to me for the draught forbidden I drain.
The drunken eyes of my comrades shine,
And I too, stretching my hand to the wine,
On the neck of drunkenness loosen the rein.

Oh wind, if thou passest the garden close
Of my heart's dear master, carry for me
The message I send to him, wind that blows !
“ Why hast thou thrust from thy memory
My hapless name ? ” breathe low in his ear ;
“ Knowest thou not that the day is near
When nor thou nor any shall think on me ? ”

If with tears, oh Hafiz, thine eyes are wet,
Scatter them round thee like grain, and snare
The Bird of Joy when it comes to thy net.
As the tulip shrinks from the cold night air,
So shrank my heart and quailed in the shade ;
Oh Song-bird Fortune, the toils are laid,
When shall thy bright wings lie pinioned there ?

The heavens' green sea and the bark therein,
The slender bark of the crescent moon,
Are lost in thy bounty's radiant noon,
Vizir and pilgrim, Kawameddin !

ساتی بنور باد بر آفتاب و ز جام ما

مطرب بگو که کار جهان شد بکام ما

مادر پیاله عکس رخ یار دیده ایم

ای بی خبر ز لذت شرب مدام ما

چندان بود کرشمه و ناز سی قدان

کایه بجلوه سرو و صنوبر حرام ما

هرگز نیرد آنکه دشمن زنده شد به عشق

ثبت است بر جریده عالم دوام ما

مستی به چشم شاید دل بند ما خوش است

ز آن رو سپرده اند به مستی زمام ما

ترسم که صرفه ای نبرد روز باز خواست

نان حلال شیخ ز آب حرام ما

ای باد اگر به کشتن احباب بگذاری

ز نهار عرضه ده بر جانان پیام ما

کونام ما زیاد به عدا چه میسبری

خود آید آنکه یاد نیاری ز نام ما

بگرفت چه چو لاله دلم در هوای سرو

ای مرغ بخت کی شوی آخر تو رام ما

دریای اخضر فلک و کشتی هلال

هستند غرق نعمت حاجی توام ما

حافظ ز دیده دانه اشکی همی نشان





LADY that hast my heart within thy hand,
Thou heed'st me not ; and if thou turn thine ear
Unto the wise, thou shalt not understand—
Behold the fault is thine, our words were clear.
For all the tumult in my drunken brain
Praise God ! who trieth not His slave in vain ;
Nor this world nor the next shall make me fear !

My weary heart eternal silence keeps—
I know not who has slipped into my heart ;
Though I am silent, one within me weeps.
My soul shall rend the painted veil apart.
Where art thou, Minstrel ! touch thy saddest strings
Till clothed in music such as sorrow sings,
My mournful story from thy zither sweeps.

Lo, not at any time I lent mine ear
To hearken to the glories of the earth ;
Only thy beauty to mine eyes was dear.
Sleep has forsaken me, and from the birth
Of night till day I weave bright dreams of thee ;
Drunk with a hundred nights of revelry,
Where is the tavern that sets forth such cheer !

My heart, sad hermit, stains the cloister floor
With drops of blood, the sweat of anguish dire ;
Ah, wash me clean, and o'er my body pour
Love's generous wine ! the worshippers of fire
Have bowed them down and magnified my name,
For in my heart there burns a living flame,
Transpiercing Death's impenetrable door.

What instrument through last night's silence rang ?
My life into his lay the minstrel wove,
And filled my brain with the sweet song he sang.
It was the proclamation of thy love
That shook the strings of Life's most secret lyre,
And still my breast heaves with last night's desire,
For countless echoes from that music sprang.

And ever, since the time that Hafiz heard
His Lady's voice, as from a rocky hill
Reverberates the softly spoken word,
So echoes of desire his bosom fill.

چو بشنوی سخن ابل دل ملو که خطاست

سخن شناس زای جان من خطایانجاست

سرم بدینی عجب فرو میساید

تبارک الله ازین فتنها که در سراست

در اندرون من خسته دل ندانم کیمیت

که من جموشم داد در فغان در غوغاست

دلم ز پرده برون شد کجانی ای مطرب

بنال مان که ازین پرده کار با نخواست

مرا بکار جهان هرگز التفات نبود

رخ تو در نظر من چنین خوش آراست

نخسته ام بخالی که میسر م شبها

نخار صد شبه دارم شرانجانه کجاست

چنین که صومعه آلوده شد بخون دلم

گرم بیاد و بشوید حق بدست ثنات

از آن بدیر مغانم عزیز میس دارند

که آتشی که نمیرد همیشه در دل ماست

چه ساز بود که بنواخت مطرب عشاق


که رفت عمر و بسنوم دماغ پر بهو است

چنین که خسته قدمی آلوده ام من از مستی

کجاست وقت عبادت چه جای در دو عبادت

ندای عشق تو دوشم در اندرون داد





THE rose has flushed red, the bud has burst,
And drunk with joy is the nightingale—
Hail, Sufis ! lovers of wine, all hail !
For wine is proclaimed to a world athirst.
Like a rock your repentance seemed to you ;
Behold the marvel ! of what avail
Was your rock, for a goblet has cleft it in two !

Bring wine for the king and the slave at the gate !
Alike for all is the banquet spread,
And drunk and sober are warmed and fed.
When the feast is done and the night grows late,
And the second door of the tavern gapes wide,
The low and the mighty must bow the head
'Neath the archway of Life, to meet what . . . outside ?

Except thy road through affliction pass,
None may reach the halting-station of mirth ;
God's treaty : Am I not Lord of the earth ?
Man sealed with a sigh : Ah yes, alas !
Nor with Is nor Is Not let thy mind contend ;
Rest assured all perfection of mortal birth
In the great Is Not at the last shall end.

For Assaf's pomp, and the steeds of the wind,
And the speech of birds, down the wind have fled,
And he that was lord of them all is dead ;
Of his mastery nothing remains behind.
Shoot not thy feathered arrow astray !
A bow-shot's length through the air it has sped,
And then . . . dropped down in the dusty way.

But to thee, oh Hafiz, to thee, oh Tongue
That speaks through the mouth of the slender reed,
What thanks to thee when thy verses speed
From lip to lip, and the song thou hast sung ?

شکفته شد کل حسرا و گشت بیل مست

صلای سرخوشی ای صوفیان باد و پرست

اساس توبه که در محکمی چون سنگ نمود

بین که جام زجاجی چگونه اشک بگشت

بیار باد و که در بارگاه استغناء

چه پاسبان چه سلطان چه بوشیار و چه پست

ازین رباط و در چون ضرورت چیل

رواق طاق معیشت چه سربلند و چه پست

مقام عیش میسر نمی شود بی رنج

بلی بحکم بلا بسته اند عمد است

به بست و نیست مزاجان ضمیر و خوش میایش

که نیستی است سرانجام هر کمال که هست

شکوه آصفی و اسب باد و منطق طیر

بیاد رفت و از آن خم اوج هیچ طرف نیست

بیال و پر مرو از ره که تیر پر تابانی

هوا گرفت زمانی ولی بخاک نشست

زبان کلک تو حافظ چه شکر آن گوید

که تحفه سخت میسر بند دست بدست





MIRTH, Spring, to linger in a garden fair,
What more has earth to give ? All ye that wait,
Where is the Cup-bearer, the flagon where ?
When pleasant hours slip from the hand of Fate,
Reckon each hour as a certain gain ;
Who seeks to know the end of mortal care
Shall question his experience in vain.

Thy fettered life hangs on a single thread—
Some comfort for thy present ills devise,
But those that time may bring thou shalt not dread.
Waters of Life and Irem's Paradise—
What meaning do our dreams and pomp convey,
Save that beside a mighty stream, wide-fed,
We sit and sing of wine and go our way !

The modest and the merry shall be seen
To boast their kinship with a single voice ;
There are no differences to choose between,
Thou art but flattering thy soul with choice !
Who knows the Curtain's secret ? . . . Heaven is mute
And yet with Him who holds the Curtain, e'en
With Him, oh Braggart, thou would'st raise dispute !

Although His thrall shall miss the road and err,
'Tis but to teach him wisdom through distress,
Else Pardon and Compassionate Mercy were
But empty syllables and meaningless.
The Zealot thirsts for draughts of Kausar's wine,
And Hafiz doth an earthly cup prefer—
But what, between the two, is God's design ?

خوشتر عیش و صحبت باغ و بهار چیت

ساقی بکجاست کوبب انتظار چیت

معنی آب زندگی در روضه ارم

بخر طرف جویبار می خوشکار چیت

هر وقت خوشی که دست دهد منتقم شمار

کس را توقف نیست که انجام کار چیت

پیوند عمر تبه بموئی است هوش دار

غمخوار خوشی باش غم روزگار چیت

راز درون پرده چه داند فلک خموش

ای مدعی نزاع تو با پرده دار چیت

مستور دست هر دو چو از یک قبیله اند

ما دل بشو که دیم خستیار چیت

سود خطای بنده اگر نیست اعتبار

معنی غفور رحمت پروردگار چیت

زاهد شراب کوثر و حافظ پیا له خواست

مادر میانه خواسته کرد کار چیت



WHAT is wrought in the forge of the living and life—
All things are nought ! Ho ! fill me the bowl,
For nought is the gear of the world and the strife !
One passion has quickened the heart and the soul,
The Beloved's presence alone they have sought—
Love at least exists ; yet if Love were not,
Heart and soul would sink to the common lot—

All things are nought !

Like an empty cup is the fate of each,
That each must fill from Life's mighty flood ;
Nought thy toil, though to Paradise gate thou reach,
If Another has filled up thy cup with blood ;
Neither shade from the sweet-fruited trees could be
bought

By thy praying—oh Cypress of Truth, dost not see
That Sidreh and Tuba were nought, and to thee

All then were nought !

The span of thy life is as five little days,
Brief hours and swift in this halting-place ;
Rest softly, ah rest ! while the Shadow delays,
For Time's self is nought and the dial's face.
On the lip of Oblivion we linger, and short
Is the way from the Lip to the Mouth where we
pass—

While the moment is thine, fill, oh Saki, the glass
Ere all is nought !

Consider the rose that breaks into flower,
Neither repines though she fade and die—
The powers of the world endure for an hour,
But nought shall remain of their majesty.
Be not too sure of your crown, you who thought
That virtue was easy and recompense yours ;
From the monastery to the wine-tavern doors

The way is nought

What though I, too, have tasted the salt of my tears,
Though I, too, have burnt in the fires of grief,
Shall I cry aloud to unheeding ears ?
Mourn and be silent ! nought brings relief.
Thou, Hafiz, art praised for the songs thou hast
wrought,
But bearing a stained or an honoured name,
The lovers of wine shall make light of thy fame—

All things are nought !



حاصل کار که کون مکان این همه نیست

باد و پیش آر که اباب جان این همه نیست

از دل جان شرف صحبت جان غرض است

همه آنست و گرنه دل جان این همه نیست

منت سدره و طوبی ز پی سایه مکش

که چو خوش بگری ای سرور و ان این همه نیست

دولت آن است که بی خون دل آید بکنا

ورنه با سعی و عمل باغ جان این همه نیست

پنج روزی که در این مرحله مهلت داری

خوش بایانی مانی که زمان این همه نیست

بر لب بحر قفاست ظم ای ساقی

فرستی دان که ز لب تابان این همه نیست

زابد این مژگان بازی غیرت زنها

که ره صومعه تا دیر معنائان این همه نیست

در دمنده چو من سوخته زار و زار

ظاہراً حاجت تقریر و بیان این همه نیست

از تهتک مکن اندیشه و چو گل خوش باش

ز آنکه تمکین جبین گذران این همه نیست

نام حافظ رقم نیک پذیرفت ولی



SLEEP on thine eyes, bright as narcissus flowers,
Falls not in vain !
And not in vain thy hair's soft radiance showers—
Ah, not in vain !

Before the milk upon thy lips was dry,
I said : " Lips where the salt of wit doth lie,
Sweets shall be mingled with thy mockery,
And not in vain ! "

Thy mouth the fountain where Life's waters flow,
A dimpled well of tears is set below,
And death lies near to life thy lovers know,
But know in vain !

God send to thee great length of happy days !
Lo, not for his own life thy servant prays ;
Love's dart in thy bent brows the Archer lays,
Nor shoots in vain.

Art thou with grief afflicted, with the smart
Of absence, and is bitter toil thy part ?
Thy lamentations and thy tears, oh Heart,
Are not in vain !

Last night the wind from out her village blew,
And wandered all the garden alleys through,
Oh rose, tearing thy bosom's robe in two ;
'Twas not in vain !

And Hafiz, though thy heart within thee dies,
Hiding love's agony from curious eyes,
Ah, not in vain thy tears, not vain thy sighs,
Not all in vain !

خواب آن ز کس نقان تویی خیزی نیست

تاب آن زلف پریشان تویی خیزی نیست

از لب شیر روان بود که من میگفتم

کاین شکر گردنمندان تویی خیزی نیست

چشمه آب حیات است دهانت، اما

زیر لب چاه و نخدان تویی خیزی نیست

جان در ازمنی تو بادا که یقین میدادم

در کمان ناکه مرگان تویی خیزی نیست

بتلانی عینم و محنت و اندوه فراق

ایدل این ناله و فغان تویی خیزی نیست

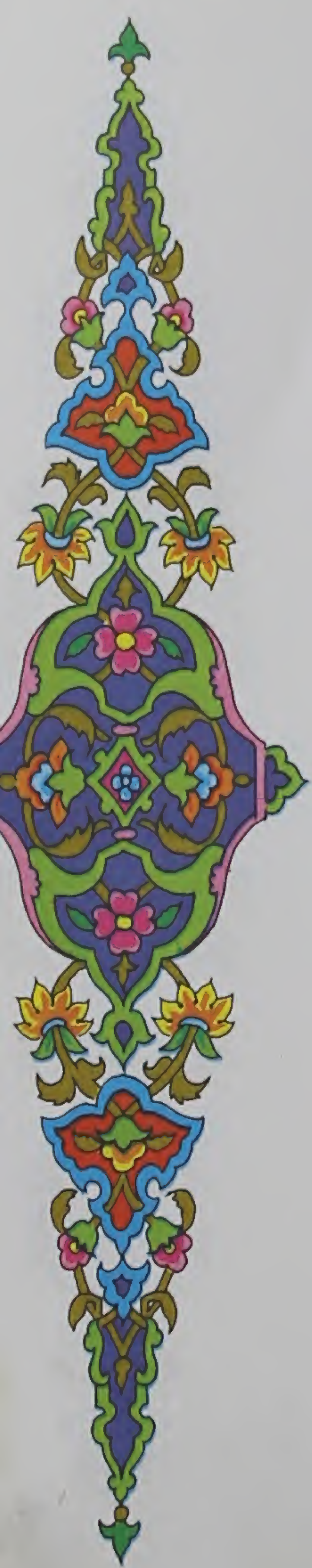
دوش باد از سر کویت بگلستان بگذشت

ای گل این چاک گریبان تویی خیزی نیست

در عشق ارچه دل از خلق نھسان میداد

حافظ این دیده گریان تویی خیزی نیست





LAY not reproach at the drunkard's door
Oh Fanatic, thou that art pure of soul ;
Not thine on the page of life to enrol
The faults of others ! Or less or more
I have swerved from my path—keep thou to thine own
For every man when he reaches the goal
Shall reap the harvest his hands have sown.

Leave me the hope of a former grace—
Till the curtain is lifted none can tell
Whether in Heaven or deepest Hell,
Fair or vile, shall appear his face.
Alike the drunk and the strict of fare
For his mistress yearns—in the mosque Love doth
dwell
And the church, for his lodging is everywhere.

If without the house of devotion I stand,
I am not the first to throw wide the door ;
My father opened it long before,
The eternal Paradise slipped from his hand.
All you that misconstrue my words' intent,
I lie on the bricks of the tavern floor,
And a brick shall serve me for argument.

Heaven's garden future treasures may yield—
Ah, make the most of earth's treasury !
The flickering shade of the willow-tree,
And the grass-grown lip of the fruitful field.
Trust not in deeds—the Eternal Day
Shall reveal the Creator's sentence on thee ;
But till then, what His finger has writ, who can say.

Bring the cup in thine hand to the Judgment-seat ;
Thou shalt rise, oh Hafiz, to Heaven's gate
From the tavern where thou hast tarried late.
And if thou hast worshipped wine, thou shalt meet
The reward that the Faithful attain ;
If such thy life, then fear not thy fate,
Thou shalt not have lived and worshipped in vain

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عیب ندان مکن ای زاهد پاکیزه سرشت

که گناه دگری بر تو نخواهند نوشت

من اگر نیکم اگر بد تو برو خود را باش

هر کسی آن درود عاقبت کار که گشت

همه کس طالب یارند چه بسیار چه مست

همه جا خانه عشق است چه مسجد چه کنیشت

سرتسلیم من و خاک در میسکده ها

مدعی گر نهند فتنم سخن کو سر دشت

نمایم مکن از سبانه روزالت

تو چه دانی که پس پرده که خوبست و که زشت

نه من از خانه تقوی بردافتم دامن

پدرم نیز بهشت آید از دست بهشت

بر عمل تکیه مکن خواجه که از روز ازل

تو چه دانی قلم صنع بنامت چه نوشت

کر نهادت همین است زهی پاک نهاد

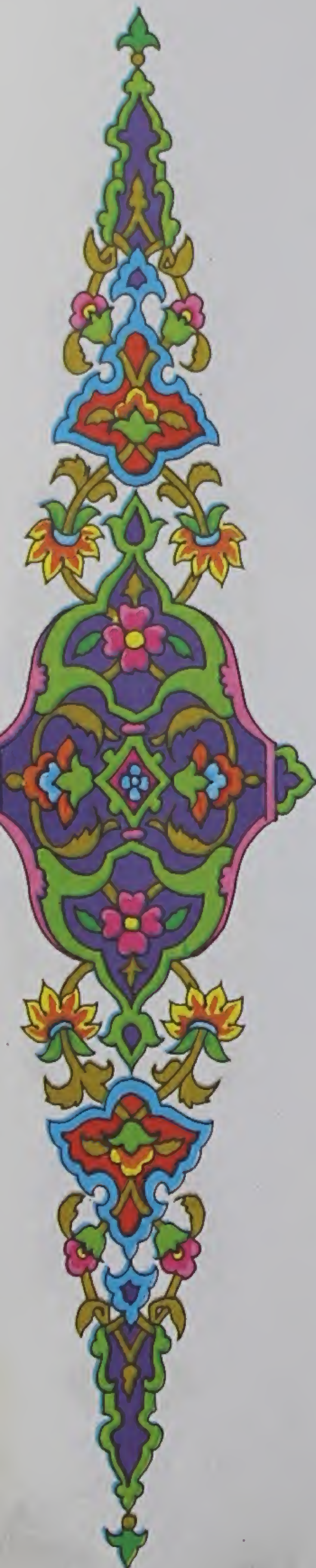
در سرشت همین است زهی پاک سرشت

باغ فردوس لطیف است ولیکن نهضاً

تو غنیمت شم این سایه بید و لب گشت

حافظ روز اجل که بفراری جامی





FROM the garden of Heaven a western breeze
Blows through the leaves of my garden of earth ;
With a love like a huri I'd take mine ease,
And wine ! bring me wine, the giver of mirth !
To-day the beggar may boast him a king,
His banqueting-hall is the ripening field,
And his tent the shadow that soft clouds fling.

A tale of April the meadows unfold—
Ah, foolish for future credit to slave,
And to leave the cash of the present untold !
Build a fort with wine where thy heart may brave
The assault of the world ; when thy fortress falls,
The relentless victor shall knead from thy dust
The bricks that repair its crumbling walls.

Trust not the word of that foe in the fight !
Shall the lamp of the synagogue lend its flame
To set thy monastic torches alight ?
Drunken am I, yet place not my name
In the Book of Doom, nor pass judgment on it ;
Who knows what the secret finger of Fate
Upon his own white forehead has writ !

And when the spirit of Hafiz has fled,
Follow his bier with a tribute of sighs ;
Though the ocean of sin has closed o'er his head,
He may find a place in God's Paradise.

کنون که میدم از بوستان نسیم بهشت

من و شراب فرح بخش و یار خور سرشت

چمن حکایت اُردی بهشت میگوید

نه عاقل است که نیه خرید و نقد بهشت

بی عمارت دل کن که این جهان خراب

بر آن سراسر است که از خاک بازار دشت

دفا مجوی زد شن که پرتوی ندهد

چو شمع صومعه افروزی از چراغ کفشت

نکن بنامه سیاهی طامت من مست

که آگه است که تقدیر بر سرش چه نوشت

کد اچرا از تلافی سلطنت امروز

که خیمه سایه ابراست و ز که لب کشت

قدم در نیغ مدار از جتنازه حافظ

که گرچه غرق گناه است می رود به بهشت





THE bird of gardens sang unto the rose,
New blown in the clear dawn : " Bow down thy head !
As fair as thou within this garden close,
Many have bloomed and died." She laughed and said :
" That I am born to fade grieves not my heart ;
But never was it a true lover's part
To vex with bitter words his love's repose."

The tavern step shall be thy hostelry,
For Love's diviner breath comes but to those
That suppliant on the dusty threshold lie.
And thou, if thou would'st drink the wine that flows
From Life's bejewelled goblet, ruby red,
Upon thine eyelashes thine eyes shall thread
A thousand tears for this temerity.

Last night when Irem's magic garden slept,
Stirring the hyacinth's purple tresses curled,
The wind of morning through the alleys stept.
" Where is thy cup, the mirror of the world ?
Ah, where is Love, thou Throne of Djem ? " I cried.
The breezes knew not ; but " Alas," they sighed,
" That happiness should sleep so long ! " and wept.

Not on the lips of men Love's secret lies,
Remote and unrevealed his dwelling-place.
Oh Saki, come ! the idle laughter dies
When thou the feast with heavenly wine dost grace.
Patience and wisdom, Hafiz, in a sea
Of thine own tears are drowned ; thy misery
They could not still nor hide from curious eyes.

صُحُود مرغِ چمن با کُلِ نوناخته گفت

ناز کم کن که دینِ باغِ بسی چون تو شکفت

کلِ بختِ دید که از راستِ برنجیم ولی

هیچ عاشقِ سخنِ سختِ معشوقِ نکفت

کر طمعِ داری از آن جامِ مَرَضِ می لعل

ای بسا دُر که بنوکِ مَثُواتِ باید سفت

تا ابد بویِ محبتِ بشاشِ زرد

هر که خاکِ درِ میخانه بر خاره ز رفت

در گلستانِ ارمِ دوشِ حُجَرِ لطفِ هوا

زلفِ سنبلِ نسیمِ محرمی می آشت

گفتم ای مسندِ جمِ جامِ جهانِ بیتِ کو

گفت افسوس که آن دولتِ بیدار بخت


سخنِ عشقِ زیاده است که آید به زبان

ساقیامی ده و کوتا ماه کن این گفت و گفت

اشکِ حافظِ خرد و صبرِ بدیرا انداخت

چه کند سخنِ عشقِ نیارست نهفت





WIND from the east, oh Lapwing of the day,
I send thee to my Lady, though the way
Is far to Saba, where I bid thee fly ;
Lest in the dust thy tameless wings should lie,
Broken with grief, I send thee to thy nest,
Fidelity.

Or far or near there is no halting-place
Upon Love's road—absent, I see thy face,
And in thine ear my wind-blown greetings sound,
North winds and east waft them where they are bound,
Each morn and eve convoys of greeting fair
I send to thee.

Unto mine eyes a stranger, thou that art
A comrade ever-present to my heart,
What whispered prayers and what full meed of praise
I send to thee.

Lest Sorrow's army waste thy heart's domain,
I send my life to bring thee peace again,
Dear life thy ransom ! From thy singers learn
How one that longs for thee may weep and burn ;
Sonnets and broken words, sweet notes and songs
I send to thee.

Give me the cup ! a voice rings in mine ears
Crying : " Bear patiently the bitter years !
For all thine ills, I send thee heavenly grace.
God the Creator mirrored in thy face
Thine eyes shall see, God's image in the glass
I send to thee.

" Hafiz, thy praise alone my comrades sing ;
Hasten to us, thou that art sorrowing !
A robe of honour and a harnessed steed
I send to thee."

ای بدد صبا به بایمفرستمت

بسکر که از کجا بجایمفرستمت

یفاست طایری چو تو در خاکدان غم

زینجا به آشیان دمایمفرستمت

در راه عشق مرحله قرب و بعد نیست

می بینمت عیان دمایمفرستمت

هر صبح و شام قافله ای از دمای خیر

در صُحبت شمال و صبا میمفرستمت

در روی خود تفریح صینع خدای کن

کایسته خدای نمایمفرستمت

تا اگر غمت نخند ملک دل خراب

جان عزیز خود بفرستدایمفرستمت

هر دم غمی فرست مرا و بگو بنواز

کاین تحفه از برای خدایمفرستمت

ای غائب از نظر که شدی بمنشین دل

میکویت دعا و شایمفرستمت

تا مطربان ز شوق منت آگهی دهند

قول و غزل بساز و نوایمفرستمت

ساقی بیا که هاتف غیبم مژده گفت

با در و صبر کن که دوا میمفرستمت

حافظ سرود مجلس ما ذکر خیر شد

تعیل کن که اسب و قبا میمفرستمت



FORGET not when dear friend to friend returned,
Forget not days gone by, forget them not !
My mouth has tasted bitterness, and learned
To drink the envenomed cup of mortal lot ;
Forget not when a sweeter draught was mine,
Loud rose the songs of them that drank that wine—
Forget them not !

Forget not loyal lovers long since dead,
Though faith and loyalty should be forgot,
Though the earth cover the enamoured head,
And in the dust wisdom and passion rot.
My friends have thrust me from their memory ;
Vainly a thousand thousand times I cry :
Forget me not !

Weary I turn me to my bonds again.
Once there were hands strong to deliver me,
Forget not when they broke a poor slave's chain !
Though from mine eyes tears flow unceasingly,
I think on them whose rose gardens are set
Beside the Zindeh Rud, and I forget
Life's misery.

Sorrow has made her lair in my breast,
And undisturbed she lies—forget them not
That drove her forth like to a hunted beast !
Hafiz, thou and thy tears shall be forgot,
Lock fast the gates of thy sad heart ! But those
That held the key to thine unspoken woes—
Forget them not !

روز وصل دوستداران یاد باد

یاد باد آن روزگار ان یاد باد

کامم از تلخی غم چون زهر گشت

با گشت نوش شاد خواری یاد باد

گرچه یاران فارغند از یاد من

از من ایشانرا هزاران یاد باد

بتلا گشتم دین بند و بلا

کوشش آن حق گزاران یاد باد

گرچه صدر و دست در چشمم دم

زنده رود باغ کاران یاد باد

راز حافظ بعد ازین ناگفته ماند

ای دریا راز داران یاد باد



THE secret draught of wine and love repressed
Are joys foundationless—then come whate'er
May come, slave to the grape I stand confessed !
Unloose, oh friend, the knot of thy heart's care,
Despite the warning that the Heavens reveal !
For all his thought, never astronomer
That loosed the knot of Fate those Heavens conceal !

Not all the changes that thy days unfold
Shall rouse thy wonder ; Time's revolving sphere
Over a thousand lives like thine has rolled.
That cup within thy fingers, dost not hear
The voices of dead kings speak through the clay
Kobad, Bahman, Djemshid, their dust is here,
“ Gently upon me set thy lips ! ” they say.

What man can tell where Kaus and Kai have gone ?
Who knows where even now the restless wind
Scatters the dust of Djem's imperial throne ?
And where the tulip, following close behind
The feet of Spring, her scarlet chalice rears,
There Ferhad for the love of Shirin pined,
Dyeing the desert red with his heart's tears.

Bring, bring the cup ! drink we while yet we may
To our soul's ruin the forbidden draught ;
Perhaps a treasure-trove is hid away
Among those ruins where the wine has laughed !—
Perhaps the tulip knows the fickleness
Of Fortune's smile, for on her stalk's green shaft
She bears a wine-cup through the wilderness.

The murmuring stream of Ruknabad, the breeze
That blows from out Mosalla's fair pleasaunce,
Summon me back when I would seek heart's ease,
Travelling afar ; what though Love's countenance
Be turned full harsh and sorrowful on me,
I care not so that Time's unfriendly glance
Still from my Lady's beauty turned be.

Like Hafiz, drain the goblet cheerfully
While minstrels touch the lute and sweetly sing,
For all that makes thy heart rejoice in thee
Hangs of Life's single, slender, silken string.

سراب و عیش نهان چیت کار بی بنیاد

ز دیم بر صف زندان و هم چه بادا باد

کره ز دل بجشاد و سپهر یاد مکن

که فکر هیچ مهندس چنین گره نکشاد

ز انقلاب زمانه عجب مدار که چرخ

ازین فسانه و افنون هنر دار دیاد

قدح بشرط ادب گیر ز آنکه ترکیبش

ز کانه سر جشید و همی است و ثبات

که آگه است که کاوس و کی کجا رفتند

که واقفت که چون فت تحت جم بر باد

ز حسرت لب شیرین به سنوز می بینم

که لاله میدمد از خاک تربت فرهاد

مگر که لاله بدانست بیوفائی دهر

که تا بر زاد و بشد جام می ز کف نهاد

نیمد بند اجازت مرا به سیر و سفر

نیم خاک مصلی و آب رکنا باد

بیابینا که زمانی زمی خراب شویم

مگر رسم گنجی دین خراب آباد

بنوش باده صافی بناله دف و چنگ

که بسته اند بر ایشم طرب دل شاد

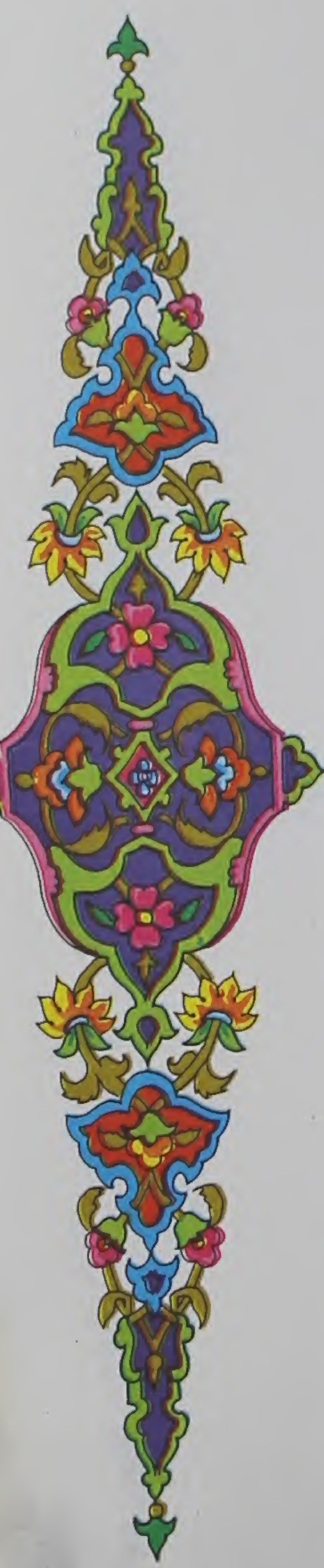
زدست اگر ننهم جام می مکن عیسم

که پاکت به از نیم حریف دست ند

رسید در غم عشقش بجا فدا آنچه رسید

که چشم زخم زمانه بعافتان مرساد





THE nightingale with drops of his heart's blood
Had nourished the red rose, then came a wind,
And catching at the boughs in envious mood,
A hundred thorns about his heart entwined.
Like to the parrot crunching sugar, good
Seemed the world to me who could not stay
The wind of Death that swept my hopes away.

Light of mine eyes and harvest of my heart,
And mine at least in changeless memory !
Ah, when he found it easy to depart,
He left the harder pilgrimage to me !
Oh Camel-driver, though the cordage start,
For God's sake help me lift my fallen load,
And Pity be my comrade of the road !

My face is seamed with dust, mine eyes are wet.
Of dust and tears the turquoise firmament
Kneadeth the bricks for joy's abode ; and yet . . .
Alas, and weeping yet I make lament !
Because the moon her jealous glances set
Upon the bow-bent eyebrows of my moon,
He sought a lodging in the grave—too soon !

I had not castled, and the time is gone.
What shall I play ? Upon the chequered floor
Of Night and Day, Death won the game—forlorn
And careless now, Hafiz can lose no more.

ببسی خون لی خورد و گلی حاصل کرد

باد غیرت یصبدش خار پریشان دل کرد

طوطی اهوای شکری دل خوش بود

نماش سیل قنقش آمل بطل کرد

قره العین من آن میوه دل یادش بود

که خود آسان بشد و کار مشکل کرد

ساربان بار من منت او خدا را مدد

که امید کریم همه سر این محل کرد

روی خاکی و خم چشم مرا خواهد داد

چرخ فیروزه طربخانه ازین کجکل کرد

آه دست یار که از چشم خود مدد می چرخ

در محمد ماه گمان ابروی من منزل کرد

نزدی شاه رخ و فوست شد امکان چا^ق

چکرم بازی ایام مرا فاسل کرد



WHAT drunkenness is this that brings me hope—
Who was the Cup-bearer, and whence the wine ?
That minstrel singing with full voice divine,
What lay was his ? for 'mid the woven rope
Of song, he brought word from my Friend to me
Set to his melody.

The wind itself bore joy to Solomon ;
The Lapwing flew from Sheba's garden close,
Bringing good tidings of its queen and rose.
Take thou the cup and go where meadows span
The plain, whither the bird with tuneful throat
Has brought Spring's sweeter note.

Welcome, oh rose, and full-blown eglantine !
The violets their scented gladness fling,
Jasmin breathes purity—art sorrowing
Like an unopened bud, oh heart of mine ?
The wind of dawn that sets closed blossoms free
Brings its warm airs to thee.

Saki, thy kiss shall still my bitter cry !
Lift up your grief-bowed heads, all ye that weep,
The Healer brings joy's wine-cup—oh, drink deep !
Disciple of the Tavern-priest am I ;
The pious Sheikh may promise future bliss,
He brings me where joy is.

The greedy glances of a Tartar horde
To me seemed kind—my foeman spared me not
Though one poor robe was all that I had got.
But Heaven served Hafiz, as a slave his lord,
And when he fled through regions desolate,
Heaven brought him to thy gate.

چہستی است ندانم کہ رو بہا آورد

کہ بود ساقی و این بادہ از کجا آورد

دلہا چون غنچہ شکایت ز کار بستہ مکن

کہ باد صبح نسیم کرہ گشا آورد

رسیدن گل و نسیرن بخیر و خوبی با

بنفشہ شاد و خوش آمد من صفا آورد

علاج ضعف دل با کرشمہ ساقی است

بر آس کہ طبیب آمد و دوا آورد

صبا بخوش خبری بہدیلیمان است

کہ مردہ طرب از گلشن سبا آورد

چہ راہ میزنند این مطرب مقام شناس

کہ در میان غزل قول آشنا آورد

تو نیز باد و بچکن آرو را و صحر اکیر

کہ مرغ نغمہ سراساز خوش نوا آورد

مرید پیر معانم ز من مرنج ای شیخ

چرا کہ وعدہ تو کردی اوجہا آورد

بتنگ چشمی آن ترک لشکری نازم

کہ حملہ بر من درویش کیا بقا آورد

فلک غلامی حافظ کنون بطوع کند

کہ التجا بدر دولت شما آورد

Not all the sum of earthly happiness
Is worth the bowed head of a moment's pain,
And if I sell for wine my dervish dress,
Worth more than what I sell is what I gain !
Land where my Lady dwells, thou holdest me
Enchained ; else Fars were but a barren soil,
Not worth the journey over land and sea,
Not worth the toil !

Down in the quarter where they sell red wine,
My holy carpet scarce would fetch a cup—
How brave a pledge of piety is mine,
Which is not worth a goblet foaming up !
Mine enemy heaped scorn on me and said :
“ Forth from the tavern gate ! ” Why am I thrust
From off the threshold ? is my fallen head
Not worth the dust ?

Wash white that travel-stained sad robe of thine !
Where word and deed alike one colour bear,
The grape's fair purple garment shall outshine
Thy many-coloured rags and tattered gear.
Full easy seemed the sorrow of the sea
Lightened by hope of gain—hope flew too fast !
A hundred pearls were poor indemnity,
Not worth the blast.

The Sultan's crown, with priceless jewels set,
Encircles fear of death and constant dread ;
It is a head-dress much desired—and yet
Art sure 'tis worth the danger to the head ?
'Twere best for thee to hide thy face from those
That long for thee ; the Conqueror's reward
Is never worth the army's long-drawn woes,
Worth fire and sword.

Ah, seek the treasure of a mind at rest
And store it in the treasury of Ease ;
Not worth a loyal heart, a tranquil breast,
Were all the riches of thy lands and seas !
Ah, scorn, like Hafiz, the delights of earth,
Ask not one grain of favour from the base,
Two hundred sacks of jewels were not worth
Thy soul's disgrace !



دمی با غم سیر بردن جهان سیر نیارزد

بمی بفروشد دل تا کزین بهتر نیارزد

بکوی می فردشانش بجای بر نمیگیرند

زهی سجاده تقوی که یک ساغر نیارزد

شکوه تاج سلطانی که بیم جان در او درج است

کلاهی دلکش است اما بدر سر نیارزد

قیمم سوزنها کرد کز این باب رخ بر تاب

چه افتاد این سر مارا که خاک در نیارزد

ترا آن به روی خود رشتا فان پوشان

که سودای حبس اندازی غم لگرنیارزد

بشو این نقش و لستنگ که در بازار یگرنگی

موقعهای کوناگون می اسر نیارزد

دیار دیار مردم را مقید میکند لیکن

چه جای پارس کاین مجتبان کسیر نیارزد

بس آسان منیو و اول غم دریا بوی سود


غلط گفتیم که یک طوفان بصد کوه نیارزد

برو کنج قناعت جوی و کنج عافیت نشین

که یکدم تنگدل بودن یحیرد بر نیارزد

چو حافظ در قناعت کوشد از دنیای دون بگذرد

که کجاست دونان بصد من نیارزد



THE rose is not fair without the beloved's face,
Nor merry the Spring without the sweet laughter of
wine ;
The path through the fields, and winds from a flower-
strewn place,
Without her bright cheek, which glows like a tulip
fine,
Nor winds softly blowing, fields deep in corn, are fair.

And lips like to sugar, grace like a flower that sways,
Are nought without kisses many and dalliance sweet ;
If thousands of voices sang not the rose's praise,
The joy of the cypress her opening bud to greet,
Nor dancing of boughs nor blossoming rose were fair.

Though limned by most skilful fingers, no pictures
please
Unless the beloved's image is drawn therein ;
The garden and flowers, and hair flowing loose on the
breeze,
Unless to my Lady's side I may strive and win,
Nor garden, nor flowers, nor loose flying curls are fair.

Hast seen at a marriage-feast, when the mirth runs high,
The revellers scatter gold with a careless hand ?
The gold of thy heart, oh Hafiz, despised doth lie,
Not worthy thy love to be cast by a drunken band
At the feet of her who is fairer than all that's fair.

گل بے رخ یار خوش نباشد

بی باد بهشت یار خوش نباشد

طرف چمن و طواف نباشد

بی لاله عین یار خوش نباشد

قصیدین سرود و حالت گل

بی صوت هزار خوش نباشد

هر نقش که دست عقل بند

بخ نقش نگار خوش نباشد

بیار شکر لب گل اندام

بی بو س و کنار خوش نباشد

جان نفست محتر است قفا

از بهشت یار خوش نباشد



THE breath of Dawn's musk-strewing wind shall blow,
The ancient world shall turn to youth again,
And other wines from out Spring's chalice flow ;
Wine-red, the judas-tree shall set before
The pure white jessamine a brimming cup,
And wind flowers lift their scarlet chalice up
For the star-pale narcissus to adore.

The long-drawn tyranny of grief shall pass,
Parting shall end in meeting, the lament
Of the sad bird that sang " Alas, alas ! "
Shall reach the rose in her red-curtained tent.
Forth from the mosque ! the tavern calls to me !
Would'st hinder us ? The preacher's homily
Is long, but life will soon be spent !

Ah, foolish Heart ! the pleasures of To-day,
If thou abandon, will To-morrow stand
Thy surety for the gold thou'st thrown away ?
In Sha'aban the troops of Grief disband,
And crown the hours with wine's red coronet—
The sun of merriment ere long will set,
And meagre Ramazan is close at hand !

Dear is the rose—now, now her sweets proclaim,
While yet the purple petals blush and blow ;
Hither adown the path of Spring she came,
And by the path of Autumn she will go.
Now, while we listen, Minstrel, tune thy lay !
Thyself hast said : " The Present steals away ;
The Future comes, and bringing—what ? Dost know ? "

Summoned by thy melody did Hafiz rise
Out of the darkness near thy lips to dwell ;
Back to the dark again his pathway lies—
Sing out, sing clear, and singing cry : Farewell !



نفس باد صبا شکفتان خواهد شد

عالم پیسر دگر بار و جوان خواهد شد

ارغوان جام عقیقی بسمن خواهد داد

چشم زر کس بخت یاق نگران خواهد شد

گل عزیز است غنیمت شمردش صحبت

که ببساع آمد ازین راه و از آن نخواهد شد

این تطاول که کشید ز غم هجران ملل

تا سرا پرده کل نعره زمان خواهد شد

ای دل ارعشرت امروز بفر و افکنی

مایه نفست بقار که ضمان خواهد شد

ماه شعبان مده از دست قبح کاین خورشید

از نظر تاشب عید رمضان خواهد شد

مطربا مجلس انس است غل غل خان و سرود

چند کولی که چنین است و چنان خواهد شد

کز مسجد بخرابات شدم عیب مکن

مجلس وعظ دراز است و زمان خواهد شد

حافظ از بهر تو آمد سوی استلیم وجود

قدمی ز نه بود اعش که روانه خواهد شد



THE days of absence and the bitter nights
Of separation, all are at an end !
Where is the influence of the star that blights
My hope ? The omen answers : At an end !
Autumn's abundance, creeping Autumn's mirth,
Are ended and forgot when o'er the earth
The wind of Spring with soft warm feet doth wend.

The Day of Hope, hid beneath Sorrow's veil,
Has shown its face—ah, cry that all may hear :
Come forth ! the powers of night no more prevail !
Praise be to God, now that the rose is near
With long-desired and flaming coronet,
The cruel stinging thorns all men forget,
The wind of Winter ends its proud career.

The long confusion of the nights that were,
Anguish that dwelt within my heart, is o'er ;
'Neath the protection of my lady's hair
Grief nor disquiet come to me no more.
What though her curls wrought all my misery,
My lady's gracious face can comfort me,
And at the end give what I sorrow for.

Light-hearted to the tavern let me go,
Where laughs the pipe, the merry cymbals kiss;
Under the history of all my woe,
My mistress sets her hand and writes : Finis.
Oh, linger not, nor trust the inconstant days
That promised : Where thou art thy lady stays—
The tale of separation ends with this !

Joy's certain path, oh Saki, thou hast shown—
Long may thy cup be full, thy days be fair !
Trouble and sickness from my breast have flown,
Order and health thy wisdom marshals there.
Not one that numbered Hafiz' name among
The great—unnumbered were his tears, unsung ;
Praise him that sets an end to endless care !

روز هجران و شب فرقت یار آخر شد

ز دم این فال گذشت اختر و کار آخر شد

آن همه ناز و تنغم که خزان میفرمود

عاقبت در قدم باد بهار آخر شد

بعد از این نور بافاق دهم از دل غیش

که بخورشید رسیدیم و غبار آخر شد

آن پریشانی شبهای راز و غم دل

همه در سایه گیوی نگار آخر شد

سایه سحر در از دست پرمی باد

که بهی تو ام اندوه خمار آخر شد

شکر ایزد که با قبال کله گوشه کل

نخوت بادی و شوکت خار آخر شد

با درم نیست ز بد عهدی ایام هنوز

تخته نخته که در دولت یار آخر شد

صبح امید که بد معترف پرده غیب

کو برون آیی که کار شب تار آخر شد

مگر چه آشفتنی حال من از زلف تو بود

حل این محنت ده هم از زلف نگار آخر شد

در شمار ارچه نیساورد کسی حافظ را

شکر کان محنت بخت و شمار آخر شد



TRUE love has vanished from every heart ;
What has befallen all lovers fair ?
When did the bonds of friendship part ?—
What has befallen the friends that were ?
Ah, why are the feet of Khizr lingering ?—
The waters of life are no longer clear,
The purple rose has turned pale with fear,
And what has befallen the wind of Spring ?

None now sayeth : “ A love was mine,
Loyal and wise, to dispel my care.”
None remembers love’s right divine ;
What has befallen all lovers fair ?
In the midst of the field, to the players’ feet,
The ball of God’s favour and mercy came,
But none has leapt forth to renew the game—
What has befallen the horsemen fleet ?

Roses have bloomed, yet no bird rejoiced,
No vibrating throat has rung with the tale ;
What can have silenced the hundred-voiced ?
What has befallen the nightingale ?
Heaven’s music is hushed, and the planets roll
In silence ; has Zohra broken her lute ?
There is none to press out the vine’s ripe fruit,
And what has befallen the foaming bowl ?

A city where kings are but lovers crowned,
A land from the dust of which friendship springs—
Who has laid waste that enchanted ground ?
What has befallen the city of kings ?
Years have passed since a ruby was won
From the mine of manhood ; they labour in vain,
The fleet-footed wind and the quickening rain,
And what has befallen the light of the sun ?
Hafiz, the secret of God’s dread task
No man knoweth, in youth or prime
Or in wisest age ; of whom would’st thou ask :
What has befallen the wheels of Time ?

یاری اندر کس نمی بسنیم یاران را چه شد

دوستی کی آخر آمد دوستداران را چه شد

آب حیوان تیره کون شد خضر فرخ پی کجاست

گل بخت از رنگت خود باد بهاران را چه شد

صد هزاران گل شکفت و بانگ مرغی برخاست

غذای سببان را چه پیش آمد هزاران را چه شد

لعلی از کان مروت بر نیاید سالهاست

تابش خورشید و سعی باد و باران را چه شد

زهره سازی خوش نمی سازد مگر خودش بخت

کس ندارد ذوق مستی میگردان را چه شد

کس نمیکوید که یاری داشت حق دوستی

حق شناسان را چه حال افتاد و یاران را چه شد

شیر یاران بود و جای مهربانان این دیار

مهربانی کی سر آمد شکر یاران را چه شد

گوی توفیق و کرامت در میان افکنده اند

کس بمیدان رونمایر و سواران را چه شد

حافظ اسرار الهی کس نمیداند خموش

از که میپرستد که دور روزگان را چه شد



LAST night I dreamed that angels stood without
The tavern door, and knocked in vain, and wept ;
They took the clay of Adam, and, methought,
Moulded a cup therewith while all men slept.
Oh dwellers in the halls of Chastity !
You brought Love's passionate red wine to me,
Down to the dust I am, your bright feet stept.

For Heaven's self was all too weak to bear
The burden of His love God laid on it,
He turned to seek a messenger elsewhere,
And in the Book of Fate my name was writ.
Between my Lord and me such concord lies.
As makes the Huris glad in Paradise,
With songs of praise through the green glades they flit.

A hundred dreams of Fancy's garnered store
Assail me—Father Adam went astray
Tempted by one poor grain of corn ! Wherefore
Absolve and pardon him that turns away
Though the soft breath of Truth reaches his ears,
For two-and-seventy jangling creeds he hears,
And loud-voiced Fable calls him ceaselessly.

That, that is not the flame of Love's true fire
Which makes the torchlight shadows dance in rings,
But where the radiance draws the moth's desire
And send him forth with scorched and drooping wings.
The heart of one who dwells retired shall break,
Rememb'ring a black mole and a red cheek,
And his life ebb, sapped at its secret springs.

Yet since the earliest time that man has sought
To comb the locks of Speech, his goodly bride,
Not one, like Hafiz, from the face of Thought
Has torn the veil of Ignorance aside.

دوشن دیدم که ملایک در میخانه زدند

گل آدم بسرشتند و به پیمانه زدند

ساکنان حرم ستر عفاف ملکوت

با من راه نشین باده مستانه زدند

شکرایزد که میان من او صلح افتاد

حوریان رقص کنان ساغر شکرانه زدند

جنگ بهقاد و دولت همه را خدربنه

چون ندیدند حقیقت ره افسانه زدند

آسمان بار امانت نتوانست کشید

قرعه فال بنام من دیوانه زدند

نقطه عشق دل گوشه نشینان خون کرد

هسپوآن خال که بر عارض جانانه زدند

بابصد خرمن پندار ز ره چون زویم

چون ره آدم خاکی بیکی دانه زدند

آتش آن نیت که بر شعله او خند و شمع

آتش آن است که در خرمن پروانه زدند

کس چو حافظ کنشید ز رخ اندیشه نقاب

تا سر زلف عروسان بخنشان زدند



SLAVES of thy shining eyes are even those
That diadems of might and empire bear ;
Drunk with the wine that from thy red lip flows,
Are they that e'en the grape's delight forswear.
Drift, like the wind across a violet bed,
Before thy many lovers, weeping low,
And clad like violets in blue robes of woe,
Who feel thy wind-blown hair and bow the head.

Thy messenger the breath of dawn, and mine
A stream of tears, since lover and beloved
Keep not their secret ; through my verses shine,
Though other lays my flower's grace have proved
And countless nightingales have sung thy praise.
When veiled beneath thy curls thou passest, see,
To right and leftward those that welcome thee
Have bartered peace and rest on thee to gaze !

But thou that knowest God by heart, away !
Wine-drunk, love-drunk, we inherit Paradise,
His mercy is for sinners ; hence and pray
Where wine thy cheek red as red erghwan dyes,
And leave the cell to faces sinister.
Oh Khizr, whose happy feet bathed in life's fount,
Help one who toils afoot—the horsemen mount
And hasten on their way ; I scarce can stir.

Ah, loose me not ! ah, set not Hafiz free
From out the bondage of thy gleaming hair !
Safe only those, safe, and at liberty,
That fast enchained in thy linked ringlets are.
But from the image of his dusty cheek
Learn this from Hafiz : proudest heads shall bend,
And dwellers on the threshold of a friend
Be crownèd with the dust that crowns the meek.

غلام نرگس مست تو با جدا راند

خراب باده لعل تو هوشیار راند

ترا صبا و مرآب دیده شد غماز

و گریه عاشق و معشوق را ز در اند

بزیر زلف و تا چون گذر کنی بینی

که از زمین و یسارت چه بقرار راند

گذر کن چو صبا بر نقشه زار و بین

که از تطاول زلفت چه سوگوار راند

رقیب در گذر و پیش ازین مکن نخوت

که ساکنان در دوست خاکسار راند

نصیب ماست بهشت این خدا شناس برد

که مستحق کرامت گناهکار راند

نه من بر آن گل عارض غل سرایم و بس

که عندلیب و از هر طرف هزار راند

تو دستگیر شوای خضر پی خجسته که من

پیاده میروم و بر کمر مان سوار راند

بیایم سیکه و چپسره ارغوانی کن

مرد بصومعه کآنجای سیاهکار راند

خلاص حافظ از آن زلف تابدار باد

که بستگان کمند و نورسکار راند

HAST thou forgotten when thy stolen glance
Was turned to me, when on my happy face
Clearly thy love was writ, which doth enhance
All happiness ? or when my sore disgrace
(Hast thou forgot ?) drew from thine eyes reproof,
And made thee hold thy sweet red lips aloof,
Dowered, like Jesus's breath, with healing grace ?

Hast thou forgotten how the glorious
Swift nights flew past, the cup of dawn brimmed high ?
My love and I alone, God favouring us !
And when she like a waning moon did lie,
And Sleep had drawn his coif about her brow,
Hast thou forgot ? Heaven's crescent moon would bow
The head, and in her service pace the sky !

Hast thou forgotten, when a sojourner
Within the tavern gates and drunk with wine,
I found Love's passionate wisdom hidden there,
Which in the mosque none even now divine ?
The goblet's carbuncle (hast thou forgot ?)
Laughed out aloud, and speech flew hot
And fast between thy ruby lips and mine !

Hast thou forgotten when thy cheek's dear torch
Lighted the beacon of desire in me,
And when my heart, like foolish moths that scorch
Their wings and yet return, turned all to thee ?
Within the banquet-hall of Good Repute
(Hast thou forgot ?) the wine's self-pressed my suit,
And filled the morn with drunken jollity !

Hast thou forgotten when thou laid'st aright
The uncut gems of Hafiz' inmost thought,
And side by side thy sweet care strung the bright
Array of verse on verse—hast thou forgot ?

یاد باد آنکه نهانت نظری باما بود

رقم مهر تو بر چهره ما پیدا بود

یاد باد آنکه چو چشت بقیام میکشت

مبغض عیونیت در لب شکر خا بود

یاد باد آنکه نه من چو کله بشکستی

در رکابش نه نوپیک جهان پیا بود

یاد باد آنکه رخت شمع طرب میافروخت

و این دل سوخت پر دانه بی پروا بود

یاد باد آنکه چو یاقوت قدح خنده زدی

در میان من و لعل تو حکایت با بود

یاد باد آنکه در آن بزم که خلق و ادب

آنکه او خنده ستانه زدی صبا بود

یاد باد آنکه صبحی زده در مجلسش

بزمین و یار نبودیم و خدا با ما بود

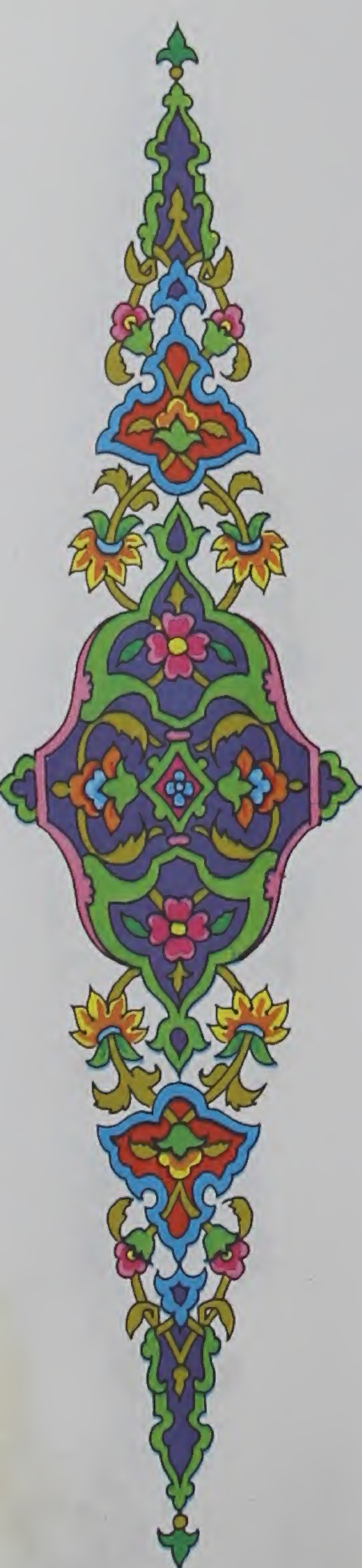
یاد باد آنکه خرابات نشین بودم دست

آنچه در مجلس امروز کم است آنجا بود

یاد باد آنکه با صلاح شایم شد راست

نظم هر کوه ناسفته که حافظ را بود





THE jewel of the secret treasury
Is still the same as once it was ; the seal
Upon Love's treasure casket, and the key,
Are still what thieves can neither break nor steal ;
Still among lovers loyalty is found,
And therefore faithful eyes still strew the ground
With the same pearls that mine once strewed for thee.

Question the wandering winds and thou shalt know
That from the dusk until the dawn doth break,
My consolation is that still they blow
The perfume of thy curls across my cheek.
A dart from thy bent brows has wounded me—
Ah, come ! my heart still waiteth helplessly,
Has waited ever, till thou heal its pain.

If seekers after rubies there were none,
Still to the dark mines where the gems had lain
Would pierce, as he was wont, the radiant sun,
Setting the stones ablaze. Would'st hide the stain
Of my heart's blood ? Blood-red the ruby glows
(And whence it came my wounded bosom knows)
Upon thy lips to show what thou hast done.

Let not thy curls waylay my pilgrim soul,
As robbers use, and plunder me no more !
Years join dead year, but thine extortionate rule
Is still the same, merciless as before.
Sing, Hafiz, sing again of eyes that weep !
For still the fountain of our tears is deep
As once it was, and still with tears is full.

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گوهر مخزن اسرار همانست که بود

حقه مهر بدان مهر و نشانست که بود

عاشقان زمره ارباب امانت باشند

لاجرم چشم گهر بار همانست که بود

از صبا پرس که مار همه شب تا دم صبح

بوی زلف تو همان نس جانست که بود

طالب لعل و گهر نیست و گرنه خورشید

پنجهان در لعل معدن کانست که بود

کشته غمزه خود را بر زیارت دریا

زانکه بیچاره همان دل گرانست که بود

زنگ خون دل مار که نهان میدار

پنجهان در لب لعل تو عیانست که بود

زلف هندوی تو گفتم که دگر ره نبرد

سالها رفت بدان سیرت آنست که بود

حافظا باز نما قصه خوانا به چشم

که برین چشمه همان آب روانست که بود





My lady, that did change this house of mine
Into a heaven when that she dwelt therein,
From head to foot an angel's grace divine
Enwrapped her ; pure she was, spotless of sin ;
Fair as the moon her countenance, and wise ;
Lords of the kind and tender glance, her eyes
With an abounding loveliness did shine.

Then said my heart : Here will I take my rest !
This city breathes her love in every part.
But to a distant bourne was she addressed,
Alas ! he knew it not, alas, poor heart !
The influence of some cold malignant star
Has loosed my hand that held her, lone and far
She journeyeth that lay upon my breast.

Not only did she lift my bosom's veil,
Reveal its inmost secret, but her grace
Drew back the curtain from Heaven's mansions pale,
And gave her there an eternal dwelling-place.
The flower-strewn river lip and meadows fair,
The rose herself but fleeting treasures were,
Regret and Winter follow in their trail.

Dear were the days which perished with my friend—
Ah, what is left of life, now she is dead,
All wisdomless and profitless I spend !
The nightingale his own life's blood doth shed,
When, to the kisses of the wind, the morn
Unveils the rose's splendour—with his torn
And jealous breast he dyes her petals red.

Yet pardon her, oh Heart, for poor wert thou.
A humble dervish on the dusty way ;
Crowned with the crown of empire was her brow,
And in the realms of beauty she bore sway.
But all the joy that Hafiz' hand might hold,
Lay in the beads that morn and eve he told,
Worn with God's praise ; and see ! he holds it now.

آن یار کز او خانه ما جای پر ہے بود

سر تا قدش چون پری از عیب بری بود

دل گفت فروش کنم این شهر بویش

بیچاره ندانست که یارش مفری بود

تنهانه ز راز دل من پرده برافت

تا بود فلک شیوه آن پرده دری بود

منظور حسد مند من آن ماه که اورا

با حسن ادب شیوه صاحب نظری بود

از چنگش اختر بد محسوس بدر برد

آری چکنم فتنه دور قمری بود

خود را بکش ای پیل ازین سنگ که کل را

بیا باد صبا وقت سحر جلوه گری بود

عذرش بنمای دل که تو درویشی اورا

در مملکت حسن پسر تاجوری بود

اوقات خوش آن بود که باد دست برسد

باقی همه بی حاصلی و حیسبری بود

خوش بود لب آب و گل و سبز و سرین

افسوس که آن سرور روان رگمزد بود

بر گنج سعادت که خدا داده حافظ

ازین دعای شب و درد سحری بود



CYPRESS and Tulip and sweet Eglantine,
Of these the tale from lip to lip is sent ;
Washed by three cups, oh Saki, of thy wine,
My song shall turn upon this argument.
Spring, bride of all the meadows, rises up,
Clothed in her ripest beauty : fill the cup !
Of Spring's handmaidens runs this song of mine.

The sugar-loving birds of distant Ind,
Except a Persian sweetmeat that was brought
To fair Bengal, have found nought to their mind.
See how my song, that in one night was wrought,
Defies the limits set by space and time !
O'er plains and mountain-tops my fearless rhyme,
Child of a night, its year-long road shall find.

And thou whose sense is dimmed with piety,
Thou too shalt learn the magic of her eyes ;
Forth comes the caravan of sorcery
When from those gates the blue-veined curtains rise.
And when she walks the flowery meadows through,
Upon the jasmine's shamèd cheek the dew
Gathers like sweat, she is so fair to see !

Ah, swerve not from the path of righteousness
Though the world lure thee ! like a wrinkled crone,
Hiding beneath her robe lasciviousness,
She plunders them that pause and heed her moan.
From Sinai Moses brings thee wealth untold ;
Bow not thine head before the calf of gold
Like Samir, following after wickedness.

From the Shah's garden blows the wind of Spring,
The tulip in her lifted chalice bears
A dewy wine of Heaven's minist'ring ;
Until Ghiyasuddin, the Sultan, hears,
Sing, Hafiz, of thy longing for his face.
The breezes whispering round thy dwelling-place
Shall carry thy lament unto the King.

ساقی حدیث سرود کل دلاله میرود

دین بخت با شلای غساله میرود

می ده که نو عروس چمن حدشن یافت

کار این زمان نصنعت دلاله میرود

شکر شکن شوند همه طوطیان هند

زین قند پاری که به بنگاله میرود

طی زمان بسین مکان در سلوک شعر

کاین طفل یک شبه صد ساله میرود

باد بهار میوزد از بوستان شاه

وزر ثاله باده در فتح دلاله میرود

آن چشم جاودانه عابد فریب بین

کش کاروان بحس بدنباله میرود

خوی کرده بحس آمد و بر عارض سمن

از شهرم روی او عرق از ثاله میرود

ایمن مشوز عثوه دنی که این عجز

مکاره می نشیند و محتاله میرود

چون سامری بماش که زردید و از غری

موسی بخت، از پی کوساله میرود

حافظ رشوق مجلس سلطان غیاث دین

خاش مشو که کار تو از ناله میرود

I CEASE not from desire till my desire
Is satisfied ; or let my mouth attain
My love's red mouth, or let my soul expire,
Sighed from those lips that sought her lips in vain.
Others may find another love as fair ;
Upon her threshold I have laid my head,
'The dust shall cover me, still lying there,
When from my body life and love have fled.

My soul is on my lips ready to fly,
But grief beats in my heart and will not cease,
Because not once, not once before I die,
Will her sweet lips give all my longing peace.
My breath is narrowed down to one long sigh
For a red mouth that burns my thoughts like fire ;
When will that mouth draw near and make reply
To one whose life is straitened with desire ?

When I am dead, open my grave and see
The cloud of smoke that rises round thy feet :
In my dead heart the fire still burns for thee ;
Yea, the smoke rises from my winding-sheet !
Ah, come, Beloved ! for the meadows wait
Thy coming, and the thorn bears flowers instead
Of thorns, the cypress fruit, and desolate
Bare winter from before thy steps has fled.

Hoping within some garden ground to find
A red rose soft and sweet as thy soft cheek,
Through every meadow blows the western wind,
Through every garden he is fain to seek.
Reveal thy face ! that the whole world may be
Bewildered by thy radiant loveliness ;
The cry of man and woman comes to thee,
Open thy lips and comfort their distress !

Each curling lock of thy luxuriant hair
Breaks into barbèd hooks to catch my heart,
My broken heart is wounded everywhere
With countless wounds from which the red drops start.
Yet when sad lovers meet and tell their sighs,
Not without praise shall Hafiz' name be said,
Not without tears, in those pale companies
Where joy has been forgot and hope has fled.

دست از طلب ندارم تا کام من برآید

یا جان رسد به جانان یا خود ز تن برآید

بخشای ترتم را بعد از وفات و بگر

کز آتش درونم دود از کفن برآید

بنمای رخ که خلقی حیران شوند و آله

بخشای لب که فریاد از مرد و زن برآید

جان بر لبست و حسرت دل که از لبانش

گرفته هیچ کامی جان از بدن برآید

از حسرت دهانت جانم تبک آید

خود کام تنگدستان کی آن دهن برآید

نختم نجویش کز وی بگیرد دل لم گفت

کار کسی است این کو با خویش تن برآید

هر یک شکن زلفت پناهشت دارد

چون این دل شکسته با آن شکن برآید

بر بوی آنکه در باغ یابد گلی چو رویت

آید نیم و هر دم کرد چمن برآید

هر دم چو بی وفا یان تن آن گرفت یاری


ماییم و آستانش تا جان ز تن برآید

بر خیز تا چمن از قامت و قیامت

هم سرود برآید هم نارون برآید

گویند ذکر خیرش در خیل عشقبازان

هر جب که نام حافظ آزان آنجمن برآید



FROM out the street of So-and-So,
Oh wind, bring perfumes sweet to me
For I am sick and pale with woe ;
Oh bring me rest from misery !
The dust that lies before her door,
Love's long desired elixir, pour
Upon this wasted heart of mine—
Bring me a promise and a sign !

Between the ambush of mine eyes
And my heart's fort there's enmity—
Her eye-brow's bow, the dart that flies,
Beneath her lashes, bring to me !
Sorrow and absence, glances cold,
Before my time have made me old ;
A wine-cup from the hand of Youth
Bring me for pity and for ruth !

Then shall all unbelievers taste
A draught or two of that same wine ;
But if they like it not, oh haste !
And let joy's flowing cup be mine.
Cup-bearer, seize to-day, nor wait
Until to-morrow !—or from Fate
Some passport to felicity,
Some written surety bring to me !
My heart threw back the veil of woe,
Consoled by Hafiz' melody :
From out the street of So-and-So,
Oh wind, bring perfumes sweet to me !

ای صبا نکستی از کوی فلانی بن آر

زار و بیا غم راحت جانی بن آر

قلب بی حاصل مارا بزن کسیر مراد

یعنی از خاک در دست نشانی بن آر

در کین گاه نظر بادل خویشم جگست

زا برو و غمزه او تیر و کانی بن آر

در غریبی و فراق و غم دل سپیر شدم

ساغرمی ز کف تازه جوانی بن آر

منکرانرا هم ازین می دوسه غریبشان

و گرایشان نمانند روانی بن آر


ساقیا عشرت امروز بفردا مفکن

یا ز دیوان قضا خط امانی بن آر

دلم از دست بشد دوش چو حافظ میگفت

کای صبا نکستی از کوی فلانی بن آر





UPON a branch of the straight cypress-tree
Once more the patient nightingale doth rest :
“ Oh Rose ! ” he cries, “ evil be turned from thee !
I sing thee all men’s thanks ; thou blossomest
And hope springs up in every joyless heart—
Let not the nightingale lament apart,
Nor with thy proud thorns wound his faithful breast.”

I will not mourn my woeful banishment,
He that has hungered for his lady’s face
Shall, when she cometh, know a great content.
The Zealot seeks a heavenly dwelling-place,
Huris to welcome him in Paradise ;
Here at the tavern gate my heaven lies,
I need no welcome but my lady’s grace.

Better to drink red wine than tears, say I,
While the lute sings ; and if one bid thee cease,
“ God is the merciful ! ” thou shalt reply.
To some, life brings but joy and endless ease ;
Ah, let them laugh although the jest be vain !
For me the source of pleasure lay in pain,
And weeping for my lady I found peace.

Hafiz, why art thou ever telling o’er
The tale of absence and of sorrow’s night ?
Knowest thou not that parting goes before
All meeting, and from darkness comes the light !

دیگر ز شاخ سرو سبیل صبور

گلبنانک ز که چشم باز روی گل بدو

ای گل بشکر آنکه تویی پادشاه حسن

بابلان بیدل شیدا کن غرور

از دست غیبت تو شکایت نمکنم

تا نیست غیبتی نبود لذت حضور

گرد گیران بعش و طرب خرمند شد

مارا غم نگار بود مایه سرور

زاهد اگر بجور و قصورست امیدوار

مارا اثر اینخانه قصورست یار حور

می خور بباغ چنگ و مخور غصه در کس

گوید ترا که باد و محو رگو هوا غفور

حافظ شکایت از غم هجران چینی

در هجر وصل باشد و در ظلمت بود





FROM Canaan Joseph shall return, whose face
A little time was hidden : weep no more—
Oh, weep no more ! in sorrow's dwelling-place
The roses yet shall spring from the bare floor !
And heart bowed down beneath a secret pain—
Oh stricken heart ! joy shall return again,
Peace to the love-tossed brain—oh, weep no more !

Oh, weep no more ! for once again Life's Spring
Shall throne her in the meadows green, and o'er
Her head the minstrel of the night shall fling
A canopy of rose leaves, score on score.
The secret of the world thou shalt not learn,
And yet behind the veil Love's fire may burn—
Weep'st thou ? let hope return and weep no more !

To-day may pass, to-morrow pass, before
The turning wheel give me my heart's desire ;
Heaven's self shall change, and turn not evermore
The universal wheel of Fate in ire.
Oh Pilgrim nearing Mecca's holy fane,
The thorny maghilan wounds thee in vain,
The desert blooms again—oh, weep no more !

What though the river of mortality
Round the unstable house of Life doth roar,
Weep not, oh heart, Noah shall pilot thee,
And guide thine ark to the desired shore !
The goal lies far, and perilous is thy road,
Yet every path leads to that same abode
Where thou shalt drop thy load—oh, weep no more !

Mine enemies have persecuted me,
My Love has turned and fled from out my door—
God counts our tears and knows our misery ;
Ah, weep not ! He has heard thy weeping sore.
And chained in poverty and plunged in night,
Oh Hafiz, take thy Koran and recite
Litanies infinite, and weep no more !

یوسف لکشته باز آید بجنان غم مخور

کلبه آغزان شود روزی کلاستان غم مخور

این دل غمدیده عاشق شود دل بکن

و این سر شوریده باز آید به سامان غم مخور

دور گردون کرد و روزی بر مراد مانخت

و انما یکان نماند حال دوران غم مخور

گر بهار سر باشد باز بر طرف چمن

چتر گل بر سر کشی ای مرغ خوشخوان غم مخور

هان شو نوید چون واقف نی ز اسرار غیب

باشد اندر پرده بازیهای پنهان غم مخور

هر که سرگردان به عالم گشت و غمخواری نیات

آتش لاله مراد به غمخواری رسد مان غم مخور

در میان گربشق کعبه خواهی زد قدم

سر زنبهاگر کند خار مغیسلان غم مخور

حال ما در فرقت جانان ایزام رقیب

جمله میداند خدای حال گردان غم مخور

ای دل اریل قنابنیاد هستی بر کند

چون ترانوح است کشتبان ز طوفان غم مخور

مگر چه منزل بس خطرناکست و مقصد ناپدید

هیچ راهی نیست گمان نیست پایان غم مخور

شمع بزم آفرینش شاه مردانست و بر

مگر تونی از جان غلام شاه مردان غم مخور

حافظا در گنج فقر و خلوت شبهای تار

تا بود وز دست دعا و درشت آن غم مخور



RETURN ! that to a heart wounded full sore
Valiance and strength may enter in ; return !
And Life shall pause at the deserted door,
The cold dead body breathe again and burn.
Oh come ! and touch mine eyes, of thy sweet grace,
For I am blind to all but to thy face.
Open the gates and bid me see once more !

Like to a cruel Ethiopian band,
Sorrow despoiled the kingdom of my heart—
Return ! glad Lord of Rome, and free the land ;
Before thine arms the foe shall break and part.
See now, I hold a mirror to mine eyes,
And nought but thy reflection therein lies ;
The glass speaks truth to them that understand.

Night is with child, hast thou not heard men say ?
“ Night is with child ! what will she bring to birth ? ”
I sit and ask the stars when thou’rt away.
Oh come ! and when the nightingale of mirth
Pipes in the Spring-awakened garden ground,
In Hafiz’ heart shall ring a sweeter sound,
Diviner nightingales attune their lay.



در آ که در دل خسته توان در آید با

بیا که بر تن مرده روان گراید با

بیا که فرقت تو چشم من چنان بر بست

که فتح باب وصالت مگر شاید باز

بیش آینه دل هر آنچه میدارم

بجز خیال جمالت نمی نماید باز

غمی که چون سه رنگ ملک دل گرفت

ز خیل شادی روم رخت زواید با


بدان مثل که شب آستین آمد است برو

ساره می شمرم تا که شب چه زواید با

بیا که بلبل مطبوع خاطر حافظ

ببوی گلشن وصل تو می سراید با





ARISE ! and fill a golden goblet up
Until the wine of pleasure overflow,
Before into thy skull's pale empty cup
A grimmer Cup-bearer the dust shall throw.
Yea, to the Vale of Silence we must come ;
Yet shall the flagon laugh and Heaven's dome
Thrill with an answering echo ere we go !

Thou knowest that the riches of this field
Make no abiding, let the goblet's fire
Consume the fleeting harvest Earth may yield !
Oh Cypress-tree ! green home of Love's sweet choir,
When I unto the dust I am have passed,
Forget thy former wantonness, and cast
Thy shadow o'er the dust of my desire.

Flow, bitter tears, and wash me clean ! for they
Whose feet are set upon the road that lies
'Twixt Earth and Heaven : " Thou shalt be pure,"
they say,
" Before unto the pure thou lift thine eyes."
Seeing but himself, the Zealot sees but sin ;
Grief to the mirror of his soul let in,
Oh Lord, and cloud it with the breath of sighs !

No tainted eye shall gaze upon her face,
No glass but that of an unsullied heart
Shall dare reflect my Lady's perfect grace.
Though like to snakes that from the herbage start,
Thy curling locks have wounded me full sore,
Thy red lips hold the power of the bezoar—
Ah, touch and heal me where I lie apart !

And when from her the wind blows perfume sweet,
Tear, Hafiz, like the rose, thy robe in two,
And cast thy rags beneath her flying feet,
To deck the place thy mistress passes through.



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خیزد در کاسه زر آب طربناک انداز

پیش از آنی که شود کاسه سر خاک انداز

عاقبت منزل ما و ادوی خانوشان است

حایا غلغله در کعبه افلاک انداز

ملک این مزرعه دانی که شبانی بخند

آتش از جگر جام در اطلاق انداز

بسر بسز تو ای سر که چون خاک شوم

ناز از سربسته و سایه بر آن خاک انداز

دل ما را که ز ما سر زلف تو بخت

از لب خود بشفا خانه تریاک انداز

غسل در اشک ز دم کاهل طریقت گویند

پاک شود اول پس دیده بر آن پاک انداز

یار بآن زاهد خود بین که بحر عیب نید


دود آهیش در آئینه ادراک انداز

چشم آلوده نظر از رخ جانان دور است

بر رخ او نظر از آینه پاک انداز

چون گل از بخت او جامه بقا کز غلظ

و این قبت در ره آن قامت چالاک انداز



A FLOWER-TINTED cheek, the flowery close
Of the fair earth, these are enough for me—
Enough that in the meadow wanes and grows
The shadow of a graceful cypress-tree.
I am no lover of hypocrisy ;
Of all the treasures that the earth can boast,
A brimming cup of wine I prize the most—
This is enough for me !

To them that here renowned for virtue live,
A heavenly palace is the meet reward ;
To me, the drunkard and the beggar, give
The temple of the grape with red wine stored !
Beside a river seat thee on the sward ;
It floweth past—so flows thy life away,
So sweetly, swiftly, fleets our little day—
Swift, but enough for me !

Look upon all the gold in the world's mart,
On all the tears the world hath shed in vain ;
Shall they not satisfy thy craving heart ?
I have enough of loss, enough of gain ;
I have my Love, what more can I obtain ?
Mine is the joy of her companionship
Whose healing lip is laid upon my lip—
This is enough for me !

I pray thee send not forth my naked soul
From its poor house to seek for Paradise ;
Though heaven and earth before me God unroll,
Back to thy village still my spirit flies.
And, Hafiz, at the door of Kismet lies
No just complaint—a mind like water clear,
A song that swells and dies upon the ear,
These are enough for thee !

کلفداری ز کُستان جهان مارا بس

زین چمن سایه آن سرور روان مارا بس

من و بهجت اهل ریا دُورم باد

از گرانان جهان رطل گران مارا بس

تَهْ فردوس بیادش عمل می بخشند

ما که زندیم و کد اذیر مغسان مارا بس

بنشین بر لب جوی گذر عنبرین

کاین اشارت ز جهان گذران مارا بس

نقد بازار جهان بنگر و آزار جهان

گر شمارانه بس این سود و زیان مارا بس

یار با ماست چه حاجت که زیادت طلبیم

دولت صحبت آن مونس جان مارا بس

از در خویش خدایا به بهشتم نفرست

که سر کوی تو از کون و مکان مارا بس

نیت مارا بجز از وصل تو در سر بهوسی

این تجارت ز متاع دو جهان مارا بس

حافظ از مشرب قیمت کلبه بی نصایت

طبع چون آب و غزلهای روان مارا بس

BELOVED, who has bid thee ask no more
How fares my life ? to play the enemy
And ask not where he dwells that was thy friend ?
Thou art the breath of mercy passing o'er
The whole wide world, and the offender I ;
Ah, let the rift my tears have channelled end,
Question the past no more !

If thou would'st know the secret of Love's fire,
It shall be manifest unto thine eyes :
Question the torch flame burning steadfastly,
But ask no more the sweet wind's wayward choir.
Ask me of faith and love that never dies ;
Darius, Alexander's sovereignty,
I sing of these no more.

Ask not the monk to give thee Truth's pure gold,
He hides no riches 'neath his lying guise ;
And ask not him to teach thee alchemy
Whose treasure-house is bare, his hearth-stone cold.
Ask to what goal the wandering dervish hies,
They knew not his desire who counselled thee :
Question his rags no more !

And in their learned books thou'lt seek in vain
The key to Love's locked gateway ; Heart grown wise
In pain and sorrow, ask no remedy !
But when the time of roses comes again,
Take what it gives, oh Hafiz, ere it flies,
And ask not why the hour has brought it thee,
And wherefore ask no more !

جانا ترا که گفت که احوال ما پیرس

بیگانه کرد و قصه یسح آشنا پیرس

ز آنجا که لطف شال و خلق کریم تست

جرم گذشته عفو کن و با چرا پیرس

خواهی که روشنت شود احوال سر عشق

از شمع پُرس قصه زبا و صبا پیرس

هیچ آگهی ز عالم درویشش نبود

آنکس که با تو گفت که درویش را پیرس

از دلش پوش صومعه نقد طلب مجو

یعنی ز مغلطان سخن کمی با پیرس

در دقراطیب خرد باب عشق نیست

ای دل بدرد خو کن و نام دو ا پیرس

نقش حقوق صحبت و اخلاص بندگی


از لوح سینه محو کن و نام ما پیرس

ما قصه بکن درود را خوانده ایم

از ما بجز حکایت محض و فاما پیرس

حافظ رسید موسم گل معرفت خوان

دریاب نقد غمرو چون چرا پیرس



ALL hail, Shiraz, hail ! oh site without peer !
May God be the Watchman before thy gate,
That the feet of Misfortune enter not here !
Lest my Ruknabad be left desolate,
A hundred times, " God forbid ! " I pray ;
Its limpid stream where the shadows wait
Like the fount of Khizr giveth life for aye.

"Twixt Jafrabad and Mosalla's close
Flies the north wind laden with ambergris—
Oh, come to Shiraz when the north wind blows !
There abideth the angel Gabriel's peace
With him who is lord of its treasures ; the fame
Of the sugar of Egypt shall fade and cease,
For the breath of our beauties has put it to shame.

Oh wind that blows from the sun-rising,
What news of the maid with the drunken eyes,
What news of the lovely maid dost thou bring ?
Bid me not wake from my dream and arise,
In dreams I have rested my head at her feet—
When stillness unbroken around me lies,
The vision of her makes my solitude sweet.

If for wine the Cup-bearer pour forth my blood,
As the milk from a mother's bosom flows,
At his word let my heart yield its crimson flood.
But, Hafiz, Hafiz ! thou art of those
For ever fearing lest absence be near ;
For the days when thou held'st the Beloved close,
Why rise not thy thanks so that all may hear ?

خوش شیراز و وضع بی مثالش

خداوند انگشتدار از زوالش

ز رکن آباد ماصد لوحش الله

که عمر خضرمی بخشد ز لالش

یسان جعفر آباد و مصله

بغیر آمیز می آید شالش

بشیر از آبی و فیض روح قدسی

بخواه از مردم صاحب کمالش

که نام قند مصری بر د آبخا

که شیرینان ندادند انفعالش

صبا ز آن لولی شگول سرمست

چه داری اگر کنی چو نست حالش

مکن بیدار ازین خوابم خدارا

که دارم عشرتی خوش با خیالش

گر آن شیرین پسر غم بریزد

دلا چون شیر مادر کن حلالش

چرا حلقه چومی رسیدی از بهر

بنکردی شکر ایام وصالش

THE margin of a stream, the willow's shade,
A mind inclined to song, a mistress sweet,
A Cup-bearer whose cheek outshines the rose,
A friend upon whose heart thy heart is laid :
Oh Happy-starred ! let not thine hours fleet
Unvalued ; may each minute as it goes
Lay tribute of enjoyment at thy feet,
That thou may'st live and know thy life is sweet.

Let every one upon whose heart desire
For a fair face lies like a burden sore,
That all his hopes may reach their goal unchecked,
Throw branches of wild rue upon his fire.
My soul is like a bride, with a rich store
Of maiden thoughts and jewelled fancies decked,
And in Time's gallery I yet may meet
Some picture meant for me, some image sweet.

Give thanks for nights spent in good company,
And take the gifts a tranquil mind may bring ;
No heart is dark when the kind moon doth shine,
And grass-grown river-banks are fair to see.
The Saki's radiant eyes, God favouring,
Are like a wine-cup brimming o'er with wine,
And him my drunken sense goes out to greet,
For e'en the pain he leaves behind is sweet.

Hafiz, thy life has sped untouched by care,
With me towards the tavern turn thy feet !
The fairest robbers thou'lt encounter there,
And they will teach thee what to learn is sweet.

کنار آب پای بید و طبع شعریاری خوش

معاشد لبری شیرین ساقی گلزار خمی ش

الا ای طایر دولت که قدر وقت میدانی

گوار ابادت این عشرت که داری روزگار خمی ش

عروس طبع رازیور ز فک بکر می بندم

بود که نقش ایام بدست اقدنگاری خوش

شب صحبت غنیمت دان و او خوشدلی بستان

که مهابانی دل فروز است و طرف لاله زاری خوش

منی در کانه چشمت ساقی را بنامیسنده

که مستی میکند با عقل و میسر و خمار خوش

هر آنکس را که بر خاطر عشق لبری باریست

پسندی گو بر آتش نه که داری کار باوری خوش

بقفلت عمر شد حافظ بیابا با میخانه

که شگولان سرسنت بیاموزند کاری خوش

WHERE are the tidings of union ? that I may arise—
Forth from the dust I will rise up to welcome thee !
My soul, like a homing bird, yearning for Paradise,
Shall arise and soar, from the snares of the world set
free.

When the voice of thy love shall call me to be thy slave,
I shall rise to a greater far than the mastery
Of life and the living, time and the mortal span :
Pour down, oh Lord ! from the clouds of thy guiding
grace.

The rain of a mercy that quickeneth on my grave,
Before, like dust that the wind bears from place to place,
I arise and flee beyond the knowledge of man.
When to my grave thou turnest thy blessed feet,
Wine and the lute thou shalt bring in thine hand to me,
Thy voice shall ring through the folds of my winding-
sheet,

And I will arise and dance to thy minstrelsy.
Though I be old, clasp me one night to thy breast,
And I, when the dawn shall come to awaken me,
With the flush of youth on my cheek from thy bosom
will rise,

Rise up ! let mine eyes delight in thy stately grace !
Thou art the goal to which all men's endeavour has
pressed,

And thou the idol of Hafiz' worship ; thy face
From the world and life shall bid him come forth and
arise !



مژده وصل تو کو کز سپهر جان برخیزم

طایر قدس از دام جهان برخیزم

یارب از ابر هدایت برسان بارانی

پیشتر آنکه چو کردی ریشان برخیزم

بولای تو که گریسته خویشم خوانی

از سپهر خوابگی کون مکان برخیزم

بر سر تربت من بی می و مطرب نشین

تأبوت ز لحد قصه کُشان برخیزم

گرچه پریم تو شبی تنگ در آغوشم گیر

تا حشر که ز کنار تو جوان برخیزم

تو پندار که از خاک سرکوی تو من

بجای فلک و جور زمان برخیزم

سرو بالا بنمای بُت شیرین حرکات

که چو حافظ ز سر جان جهان برخیزم

Not one is filled with madness like to mine
In all the taverns ! my soiled robe lies here,
There my neglected book, both pledged for wine.
With dust my heart is thick, that should be clear,
A glass to mirror forth the Great King's face ;
One ray of light from out Thy dwelling-place
To pierce my night, oh God ! and draw me near.

From out mine eyes unto my garment's hem
A river flows ; perchance my cypress-tree
Beside that stream may rear her lofty stem,
Watering her roots with tears. Ah, bring to me
The wine vessel ! since my Love's cheek is hid,
A flood of grief comes from my heart unbid,
And turns mine eyes into a bitter sea !

Nay, by the hand that sells me wine, I vow
No more the brimming cup shall touch my lips,
Until my mistress with her radiant brow
Adorns my feast—until Love's secret slips
From her, as from the candle's tongue of flame,
Though I, the singèd moth, for very shame,
Dare not extol Love's light without eclipse.

Red wine I worship, and I worship her !—
Speak not to me of anything beside,
For nought but these on earth or heaven I care.
What though the proud narcissus flowers defied
Thy shining eyes to prove themselves more bright,
Yet heed them not ! those that are clear of sight
Follow not them to whom all light's denied.

Before the tavern door a Christian sang
To sound of pipe and drum, what time the earth
Awaited the white dawn, and gaily rang
Upon mine ear those harbingers of mirth :
“ If the True Faith be such as thou dost say,
Alas ! my Hafiz, that this sweet To-day
Should bring unknown To-morrow to the birth ! ”

در همه دیر معنائیت چون شیده

خرقه جانی گرد باد و دستر جانی

کشتی باد و بیاور که مرابی رخ دوست

کشته هر گوشه چشم از غم دل دریائی

سخن غنیر مگو با من معشوقه پرست

کز وی و جام میم نیست ز کس پروائی

ز کس از لاف زواریش و چشم تو مرغ

نروند ابل نظیر از پی نابینائی

دل که آینه شاهیست غباری دارد

از خدا میطلبم صحبت روشن رانی

کرده ام توبه بدست صنمی باد و فروش

که در می نخورم بیسرخ بزم آرائی

جویا بسته ام از دیده بدامان که مگر

در کنارم بنشانند سحر بالائی

بتر این نکته مگر شمع بر آرد بزبان

و گرنه پروانه ندارد بسخن پروائی

این حدیثم چه خوش آمد که سحر که میگفت

بر در میسکه دنی باد فونی ترسائی

گر مسلمانی از این است که حافظ دارد

آه اگر از پی امروز بود من دانی

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رباعیات

گرچه شب طرب از کنیز و سیا
پنهان ز قیاب نعله . . . سیا

شوخن ختم که نشین و در
سوز من این نکت که بر خیز و سیا

پنہاں زر قیبِ سفلہ بستیز و بیا
در پردہ کینہ رقیب سے لڑ پڑ، اور آجا
بشنوز من اے نگارِ برخیز و بیا
اے معشوق! میری سُن لے، اٹھ اور آجا

برگیر شرابِ طرب انگیز و بیا
ستی ہم پیدا کرنے والی شراب لے اور آجا
مشنو سخنِ خصم کہ بنشین و مرو
دشمن کی یہ بات نہ سُن کر بیٹھ جا، اور مت جا

أُسْعِدِي بِالسَّلَافِ قَلْبِي وَجِيئِي
وَ أَحْذَرِي مِنْ تَحَايِلِ الْعُذَالِ
رَقِّ مَمَّنْ دَعَاكَ لِلْمُكْتِ سَوَّلِ
وَحَلَّتْ فِتْنَةً أَجَابَتْ سَوَّالِي

Take wine, joy-exciting; and come,
Secretly. With thy mean watcher, strive not;—
and come.
The adversary's speech (of counsel), hear not—
— "Sit down; go not."
O idol! me, hear; arise, — and come.

Greife nach dem Glas, das Freuden ist geweiht,
und komm;
Unerblickt vom Wächter, meide jeden Streit,
und komm!
Horch dem Feind nicht, der dich heisset bleiben
und nicht geh'n;
Horch nur mir, der: Auf! dir sage, sei bereit und
komm!

خبرش بود ز نظر نیاید ما را
خبر کوی تور گز نیاید ما را

خواب رخ خوش آمدیم در عهد
حقان به چشم در نیاید ما را

جز نقش تو در نظر نیاید مارا جز کوئے تور کھذر نیاید مارا
 تیری صورت کے سوا ہمیں کچھ نظر نہیں آتا ہے نیرے کوچے کے سوا ہمیں کوئی راستہ نہیں آتا ہے
 خوش آمدہ خواب جملہ را در دیدہ حقا کہ پچشم در نیاید مارا
 سب کی آنکھوں میں نیند پیاری لگتی ہے بیشک ہمارے آنکھوں میں وہ نہیں آتی ہے

لا اری فی الجموع غیرک وجہاً
 او سبیلأ سوی سبیل غرامی
 و حکمت الدنیا و نامت، و لکن
 ما درت لی الجفون لثم المنام

Save Thy picture, naught cometh into the
 vision—— of ours
 Save Thy street, other cometh not the path——
 of ours.
 Though to all, sweet cometh sleep, in thy time,
 O God! (I swear) that it (sleep) cometh not into
 the eye—— of ours.

Es tritt in's Auge mir nur stets dein Conterfei,
 Ich komme immer nur an deinem Gau vorbei;
 Der Schlaf schmeckt Allen süß zu deiner Zeit;
 allein
 Nur in mein Auge kömmt er wahrlich nie
 hinein."

شب ز غمت میان خواهم
در تیر عافیت رون خواهم

باور کنی خیال خود را به
تا در نگرده به سوز

سَأَقْضِي لَيْلِي جَرِيحاً بِوَجْدِي
دُونَ نَوْمٍ عَلَى الْفَرَاشِ الرَّطِيبِ
يَا نَعِيمِي — وَقَدْ شَكُكْتِ — أَبْعَثِي
الطِّيفَ لِلَّيْلِ يَمْرَفِي تَعْذِيبِي

To-night, through grief (of love) for thee, in the
midst of blood (weltering ——— I shall sleep;
Out from the couch of ease, ——— I shall sleep.
Thou believest not: thy own image, send;
So that it may see how without thee, ———
————— I shall sleep.

Ich schlafe heute Nacht in Blut, aus Gram um
dich,
Fern von dem weichen Pfühl des Heiles schlafe
ich;
Doch schicke — glaub'st du's nicht — dein
Traumbild zu mir,
Und wie ich ohne dich geschlafen, sag' es dir.

باز ای که جانم بحالت گدازنت
باز ای که دل در غم حیرت نفغانست

باز ای که بی تو ای بار غم
سیداب چشم من سرشته و انت

إرجعي! إرجعي! فروحي تَدْعُو
لك حُسناً يجول، والقلبُ شاكي
آه! خَلِي شمساً لِوَجْهِكَ تقضي
بلهيبٍ على دُمُوعِ الباكي!

Come back! for an account of thy beauty, my
soul is expectant;

Come back! for, in grief of separation from thee,
my heart is in torment.

Come back! for, without thy face, O sweet
beloved!

From the eye of me, head bewildered, flowing is
the torrent (of tears).

Komm' zurück, denn meine Seele hofft auf dei-
ner Schönheit Strahl;

Komm' zurück, denn immer stöhnet dieses Herz
in Trennungsqual;

Komm' zurück, weil, o mein Theurer, fern von
deinem Angesicht

Mir Verwirrten aus dem Auge eine Fluth von
Wasser bricht.

سزغم که بخت گفت لیم آب حیات
سزغم دست گفت زهی حبیبیات

سزغم سخن بگفت حافظ گفت
شادی همه لطیف گویان صلوات

قُلْتُ: (هذا اللَّمَى؟) - فقالت: (حياةُ)
قُلْتُ: (فُوكُ؟) قالت: (حلا المِرجانُ)
قُلْتُ: (هذا الحديثُ؟) - قالت: (شهِيُّ
في غِناءٍ، و كلُّ لَفْظٍ يُزَانُ)

I spake, saying: ——“Thy lip?” She said: ——
“My lip (is) the water of life:”
I said: ——“Thy mouth?” She said: ——
“Excellent, (’tis) the ball of candy.”
I said: ——“Thy speech?” She said: ——“Hafiz
said;
’Tis the joy of all subtlety-speakers of prayer.”

Ich sprach: ”Was ist die Lippe?“ Er sprach: ”Ein
Lebensborn.“

”Dein Mund, was ist er?“ sprach ich. Er sprach:
”Ein Zucker-korn.“

Ich sprach: ”Das was du sagtest sagt eben auch
Hafis.“

Er sprach: ”Die schönen Geister begegnen sich
gewiss.“

ماهر که نشانی خورشید داشت
گر خط او چشمه آب داشت

دلها به چاه زندان داشت
و آنکه به چاه راه داشت

أَنْتِ بَذَرِي الَّذِي بِهِ يُخَسَفُ
الصُّبْحُ وَأُبْهَى مِنْ دَوْرَةِ (لِلْكَوْثَرِ)
كَمْ قُلُوبٍ أَلْقَيْتِ فِي نُوتَةِ الْخَدِّ
بِبُرِّ مُخْتَمٍ بِالْعَنْبَرِ!

My moon whose (resplendent) face the sun's
luminosity; — took,
Around her down, the skirt of Kausar — took.
In the chin-pit (dimple), hearts all (she) cast;
And, then, with amber (down), the pit-mouth
— took (closeu).

Mein Mond, vor dessen Wange das Sonnenlicht
sich trübt,
Und dessen Staub des Flaumes rings den Kjew-
ser umgibt,
Warf in des Kinnes Brunnen² die Herzen
insgesamt
Und hat das Haupt des Brunnens mit Ambra³
dann verrammt.

بای که پیش بر و میگردانست
ازین بدین روی خودی را

دشمنان پیش اگر دم
و حکم بوی زبانی که را

ماہ ہے کہ قدش بسرو میماند راست
آئینہ بدست دروئے خود می آراست
وہ چاند جس کا قد سرو کی طرح سیدھا ہے
ہاتھ میں آئینہ تھا اور چہرے کو سنوار رہا تھا
دستارچہ پیشکش کر دم گفت
میں نے غلام اس کو پیش کیا، تو بولا
ربّ هیفاء تُخجل السّرو قَدْدا

عن مجالی المرأة تعكسُ شَهْدًا
قد طرحتُ المندیل فابتسمتُ لی :

«أی رأي فی الوصلِ حالک عبدا؟»

A moon, whose stature like to the cypress (was)
—— straight,

Mirror in the hand, her face made ——
straight (decked).

When the kerchief (of love) I offered, she said:

“Union with me, thou seekest? Excellent, that
(vain) fancy that is thine!”

Ein voller Mond, der an Gestalt
Gerade der Zipresse glich,
Hielt einen Spiegel in der Hand
Und schmückte hold das Antlitz sich.
Ich brachte zum Geschenke ihm
Ein kleines Tuch: da sagt' er mir:

”Es lebt. wenn du nach mir verlangst,
”Fürwahr ein schöner Wahn in dir!“

ست
من با که تو در میان کردم
ست
پنداشتم که در میان خیزی

است از آن میان چو رست
ست
تا من زمره طرف خواهم



ABEL

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حَوْلَ خَصْرِ لَهَا مَدَدْتُ ذِرَاعِي
دُونَ لَوْمٍ، لَكِنْ وَدَدْتُ الْجَمِيعُ
طَوَّقَ الْحِصْنَ سَاعِدِي وَهِيَ لَمْ
تَبْرَحْ بِعِزِّ فِي سُخْرِهَا بِالْخَضِوعِ

My hand, I put within thy girdle,
Within which, I thought something was.
From that waist, what (profit) the girdle gained
is clear;
From the girdle, let us see what profit I shall
gain.

Als deinen Gürtel meine Hand umfassen,
Wähnt' ich, er müsse sich um Etwas¹ schlingen;
Doch, da dem Gürtel nichts genützt die Lende,
Wie kann denn mir der Gürtel Vorthail bringen?

گفت
فی قصه آن شمع چو گل توان
فی حال دل خفته دل توان گفت

غم در دل تنگ من آزار نیست
یک دویست که با او غم دل توان گفت

مَنْ تُرَى ذَاكَ لَوْرِدِ
(بشيجيل) وَمَنْ يَسْتَطِيعُ وَصْفَ لَهْيِي
ذَاكَ قَلْبِي قَفْرٌ، فَمَا لِي خَلِيلٌ
لِعَذَابِي يُضْغِي بِعَطْفِ الْحَبِيبِ

Neither the tale of that candle of Chigil——
can one utter,
Nor the state of the consumed heart——
can one utter.
In my straitened heart, is grief on that account,
that there is not
A friend to whom the heart's grief——
one can utter.

Wie erzähl' ich die Geschichte
Jener Kerze von Tschigil?¹
Wie erzähl' ich, welcher Kummer
Mein verbranntes Herz befiel?
Wenn der Gram mein Herz beenget,
ist's, weil keinen Freund ich fand,
Dem von meines Herzens Grame
Ich zu sprechen war im Stand.

هر روز و لم زرباری در است
در دیده من ز عجب خاری در است

من بهی کتم قصای کو
بیرون ز کفایت تو کاری در است

ہر روز دلم بزیارے دگرست درویدۂ من ز ہجر خائے دگرست
 ہر دل ہر روز ایک نئے ہجر کے نیچے ہے میرا آئندہ میں ہجر کا ایک نیا کاشا ہے
 من جہد بھی کنم قضا میگوید پیروں ز کفایت تو کا ہے دگرست
 میں کوشش کرتا ہوں، تو تقدیر کہتی ہے تیرے بس سے باہر کا ایک اور کام ہے

كُلُّ يَوْمٍ تَحْمَلُ الْقَلْبُ هَمًّا
 حِينَ آذَى الْعَيْنِينَ وَخُزُّ الْفِرَاقِ
 كُلُّ رَدِّ الْقَضَاءِ عِنْدَ نَحِيبِي:
 «لَكَ عِبٌّ لَا تَالِ بِصُبْحٍ تُلَاقِي!»

Daily, my heart beneath—— another load is;
 On account of separation, in my eye——
 another thorn is.
 Striving, I kept; Fate keepeth crying out:——
 “Beyond thy sufficiency (of work)——
 another work is.

Täglich sinkt mir eine Bürde and'rer Art auf's
 Herz,
 Schafft ein and'rer Dorn der Trennung meinem
 Auge Schmerz;
 Ich bemühe mich beständig, doch das Schicksal
 spricht:
 "And'res gibt es noch, zu welchem dir die Kraft
 gebricht;“

از چرخ هر گونه سی دار آید
و کردش در گامی لرزه آید

از سیاه رنگی بود
گشتی که پس از سیاه
پس موی سیاه من چو گشت

كُلُّ عَظْفِ السَّمَاءِ نَرْجُو، وَلَكِنْ
- فِي ارْتِجَافِ الْأَوْرَاقِ - نَخْشَى الْغِيَابَ
قُلْتُ لَا لَوْنٌ كَالسَّوَادِ سَيَبْقَى
فَلِمَ الْبَلَجُ فَوْقَ رِيشِ الْغُرَابِ؟!

In every way, hope (of the propitiousness) of the
sky keep holding;
Of time's revolution, tremble like the willow;
Thou spakest, saying: —“After black, is no
colour:”
Then, my black hair wherefore white became?

Stets hoffen sollst du auf das Schicksal zwar,
Doch, Weiden gleich, vor seinem Wechsel
beben.

Du sprachst: "Nach Schwarz kann's keine Farbe
geben;"
Doch wesshalb wurde weiss mein schwarzes
Haar?

استم حورچ کنار من گلگون شد
وز خون و لم خانه چشم شد

محبوب من از نار چشم گشت مرا
کامی بار غریز حال چشمی خون شد

مِثْلَ وَرْدِ الْخَدَّيْنِ نُورَ دَمْعِي
وَدَمُ الْقَلْبِ فِي دُمُوعِي يُهْرَقُ
سَأَلْتَنِي: لِمَ التَّلَظِّي بِعَيْنَيْكَ
كُنْبَعِينَ عِنْدَ فَجْرِ تَأَلَّقْ!؟

Like the (ruddy) face of my idol, my tears rose of
hue (bloody)—— became
From the heart's blood, the house (socket) of my
eye blood—— became.
With grace, thus to me my belove spake
Saying: ——“O dear friend! the state of the eye,
how—— became?”

Rosenfarb ward meine Thräne, wie des Lieblings
Wangengluth,
Blutig meines Auges Höhle durch des wunden
Herzens Blut;
Sich gar zärtlich stellend, sagte mein Geliebter
da zu mir:
”Du, o Freund mir werth und theuer, was
geschah am Auge dir?“¹

اول یونفای و سالم در داد
چون پست شد مدام هزاره داد

آب و دیده پر از آتش دل
حاکم و او شدم بیاد و روا

اول بوفاجام وصالم در داد
پہلے نودنات مجھے وصل کا جام دیا
چوں مست شدم دام جفارا سردار
میں جب مست ہو گیا، ظلم کا جال ڈال دیا
با آبِ دودیدہ پراز آتش دل
دونوں روئی ہوئی آنکھوں اور آگ بھرے دل کے ساتھ
خاک رہ او شدم ببارم در داد
اس کے راستہ کی خاک بنا، تو اس نے مجھے ہوا میں ڈال دیا

مَنْحَتْنِي فِي الْبَدْءِ كَأْسَ غِرَامِي
وہو اُسری، و بَعْدُ كَأْسَ عَذَابِي
ثُمَّ لَمَّا احْتَرَقَتْ رُوحاً وَجِسْماً
وہبتنی للریحِ مِثْلَ التَّرَابِ

At first, with fidelity the cup of union me, —
she gave

When intoxicated (with union) I became, to me
the cup of tyranny (of separation)——

she gave
(When) with the weeping of both eyes, and with
the heart full of fire,

The dust of her path, I became, me to the wind
(of destruction)—— she gave

Erst reicht' Er mir den Wein der Liebe mit Treue
dar, wie ich geglaubt;

Da ward ich trunken, und Er schnelte das Gllas
der Unbill mir an's Haupt.

Mit Wasser in den beiden Augen, und einer
Brust, wie Feuer heiss,

Ward ich zu Seines Weges Erde; doch gab er
dann der Luft mich Prej

بامی کتب ارغوی سیاید و
کتب ارغوی سیاید و

این بیت عمر ما چو گل و درخت
خندان لب و ناز و روی سیاید و

بامے بکنارِ جوتے می باید بود وز غصّہ کنارِ جوتے می باید بود
 نہر کے کنارے مع شراب کے ہونا چاہئے اور رنج سے کنارہ کرنے والا ہونا چاہئے
 چو شِ عمر گرانمہ سایہِ مادہ روزست خنداں لب تازہ روئے می باید بود
 جب ہماری قیمتی عمر دس روزہ ہے خنداں لب، اور تازہ رو ہونا چاہئے
 يَمَمِي و السَّلاَفَ يَا فِتْنَتِي النَّهْ

رَفُنْفَنِي طَيِّ الْكُؤُوسِ الْهُمُومُ
 إِنَّ وَقْتَ الْحَيَاةِ أَيَّامُهَا
 الْعَشْرُ كُورِدٍ فِي الْبِشْرِ لَا فِي الْوُجُومِ

With wine on the stream-bank, —

'tis proper to be;

And from the grief of the corner-seeker (the recluse), —

'tis proper to be,

Since our precious life is (only) ten days,

'tis proper to be.

Smiling of lip, fresh of face, —

'tis proper to be.

Es frommt am Rande eines Baches zu weilen
stets bei'm Wein,

Es frommt am fernsten Rand zu weilen der
Trauer und der Pein

Zehn kurze Tage, wie die Rose, währt uns're
Lebenszeit:

D'rum frommt's der Lippe stets zu lächeln, dem
Antilitz frisch z

بردار دل از مادر و پیری فرزند
بایست آخر شویش در پیوند

بی قلب دانی ای پند
چون حافظ اگر شوی روی پند

ذَا صَدِيقِ السَّلْطَانِ تَعْرِفُهُ الشُّهْرَةُ
مِنْ ذِكْرِ بَعْضٍ وَضِيفٍ وَمَعْنَى
ذَهَبِي الْكَلَامِ يُمْنَحُ
لِلْكَلِّ، فَهَلْ (حَافِظٌ) بِهِ لَيْسَ يُعْنَى!؟

O son! from the mother of time (the world), thy
heart up-pluck;
To the latter half of her husband (faith),—
cling.

O heart! like this, a person thou knowest not:
If, like Hafiz, on her face (the face of the mother
time), joyous thou be.

Entziehe deine Neigung, o Sohn, der Mutter
"Welt"

Und sieh', was ihrem Gatten zuletzt sie
angethan!

Doch ohne Herz¹ begreif'st du keinen solchen
Mann,

Wenn dir, so wie Hafiscn, ihr Angesicht gefällt.

تا حکم قضای آسمانی باشد
کار تویش کار منی باشد

جایی که دست تقی‌مونس^{تی} می‌رسد
پیش پیرایه عیش جاودانی باشد

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تا حکمِ قضائے آسانی باشد کار تو ہمیشہ شادمانی باشد
 جب تک آسانی فیصلہ کا حکم جاری ہوگا تیرا کام ہمیشہ خوشی ہوگا
 اگر تیرے ہاتھ سے شراب کا جام پیوں سرمایہ عمر جاودانی باشد
 اگر میں تیرے ہاتھ سے شراب کا جام پیوں تو جاودانی عمر کا سرمایہ ہوگا

و إِذْنٌ - طَالَمَا تَشَاءُ السَّمَاءُ -

فسیحکي النَّسِيمُ عَنْكَ لِوَرْدٍ
 فاشربِ الكأسَ نُورَ رَاحَةِ (تکنام)
 فتغدو للحبِّ رمزَ الخُلْدِ

As long as the decree of celestial destiny—
 shall be.
 Ever joyous, thy work—
 shall be.
 The cup that from Taktamun's hand thou
 drinkest,
 The source of lasting life—
 shall be.

So lang die himmlischen Geschicke walten,
 Soll sich dein Thun dir stets nach Wunsch
 gestalten!
 Der Becher, den dir Tuktamun¹ credenzet,
 Soll eine Summe ew'ger Lust enthalten!

تا کار به کام دل محب بود
تا ملک تنم می ملک روح بود

امیدین است ز درگاه خدا
کابو اب عادت به مشوح بود

یا کار بکام دل مجروح شود یا مرغ دلم بر فلک رُوح شود
 یا تو کام زخمی دل کے فشار کے مطابق ہو جائے یا میرا مرغ دل آسمان پر چلا جائے
 امید من آنست بدرگاہ خدا کابواب سعادت ہمہ مفتوح شود
 خدا کے دربار سے مجھے یہ امید ہے کہ نیک بختی کے تمام دروازے کھل جائیں گے

نَهْجُ رُوحِي إِلَيْكَ فَوْقَ شَجُونِ
 وَعَذَابٍ تَلَمُّسًا فِي الظَّلَامِ
 تَرْقُبُ الطَّلَسَةَ الْبَهِيَّةَ لَكِنْ
 يُغْلِنُ اللَّيْلُ ضِيْعَةَ الْإِقْدَامِ

Till, to the desire of my wounded heart, its work
 shall be;
 Till, without the King, the soul, the country of
 my body—— shall be;
 From God's court, my hope is this
 That, all opened, the gates of happiness
 may be.

Wenn einst mein wundes Herz erreicht, wonach
 es strebet,
 Und in des Körpers Reich kein König „Geist“
 mehr lebet,
 Will ich mit Zuversicht an Gottes Throne
 hoffen,
 Es stehe jedes Thor der Seligkeit mir offen.

جانم فدای آنکه اوایل بود
سردهش اگر نهی سهل بود

خوای که بدانی بهیچ
تصنیع و روح
عین صفت نایل بود
روح بهیچ

خَبَّرِينِي مَا أَضِلُّ عُقْدَةَ شَعْرِ
وَمَعَانِي الْإِحْلَامِ فِي ظِلِّ لَحْظِكَ؟
ثُمَّ مِنْ حَيْثُ لَمْ يَضَعْ أَحَدٌ قُرْ
بَكَ زَهْرًا مَا السَّرْفُ فِي عِطْرِ قُرْبِكَ

My soul, in sacrifice for that one who a man (of
worth), If may be,
If, my head at his feet, thou place, easy, it ——
may be.
Thou wishest to know verily of hell;
Verily, hell the society of the worthless ——
shall be.

Dem Rechtlichen will ich die Seele weih'n;
Gern wirst das Haupt du ihm zu Füßen legen:
Doch weisst du, was da mag die Hölle sein?
Die Hölle ist: Mit Schurken, Umgang pflegen.¹

چون گل قرابه بر دواز شو
ز کس هوای می شد سار شو

فارغ دل به ایست که مانند جاب
هم در پی منجانه سر انداز شو

حِينَ أَزْرَارِ ذَلِكَ الْوَرْدِ تَنْفُضُ
كُؤُوساً وَيَحْمِلُ الْخُمَرَ نَرْجِسُ
أَهْ، مَا أَشْعَدَ الْعَلِيمَ بِفَنِّ
قَرْمَزِيٍّ يُحَرِّرُ الرُّوحَ وَالنَّفْسَ

As flagon-emptier, the bud of the rose——
becometh,
In desire of wine, goblet-preparer, the narcissus
—— becometh.
Free (happy) of heart is that one, who, like the
bubble,
Possessed of desire for wine, house-down caster,
—— becometh.

Da Rosenknospen nun den duft'gen Keleh
entfalten
Und, in der Lust nach Wein, Narcissen Becher
halten,
Lebt ruhig Jener nur, der, wenn's nach Wein ihn
lüstet,
So wie das Bläschen thut, das eig'ne Haus
verwüstet.

زان بادیه درین دشتان دور
در ده که طراز غر نو خوارم کرد

شمار کن و خبر ز احوال جهان
تا سر جهان بگویت ای سرور

زلّ بادۂ دیرینہ کہ دہقان پرورد
 وہ پدانی شراب جو دہقان نے لکھی ہے
 دردہ کہ بساط غم طے خواہم کرد
 بے تاکہ غم کہ بساط لپٹ دوں
 مستم کن و بنخیز احوال جہاں
 تاکہ اے عفتہ انسان! میں تجھ سے دنیا کا راز کہوں
 بھمکتا، اے دنیا کے احوال سے بے خبر بنا کے

مِنْ عَتِيقِ الشَّرَابِ بِالْأَمْسِ سُلْطَا
 نٌ تَعَلَّى، فَجُذْ أَجْدَدُهُ رَسْمًا
 آه، دَعْنِي السَّالِي لِدُنْيَا سُلُوْ
 فَأَعْنِي رَجَاءَهَا لَكَ حُثْمَا

Of that old wine, villager-prepared,
 Give; for; life's decoration, anew I will make.
 Me, intoxicated; and void of news of the world's
 state, — make;
 So that the world's mystery, I may utter — O
 faultless man!

Gib mir jenen Wein, den alten,
 Der dem Landmann Kraft verleiht,
 Denn ich will mit neuem Saume
 Zieren mir des Lebens Kleid.
 Mach' mich trunken und entfremde
 Mich der Welt, auf dass ich dann
 Dieser Welt verborg'ne Dinge
 Dir berichte, edler Mann!

س
مردی بکننده دیده
ای اکرم زواج قهر
س

نقص حق صبغی
گر طالب
شبه آن ریاضی کوثر
س

مردی ز کُندۀ در خیبر پرس
 بہادری کی بات غیر کا دروازہ اکابر نوالے سے پونچھ
 اسرارِ کرم ز خواجہ قنبر پرس
 سرچشمہ آں ز ساقی کوثر پرس
 اے حافظ اگر تو فیضِ رحمت کا پاس ہے
 اس کا سرچشمہ کوثر کے ساقی سے پونچھ

إِسْأَلِ الْعَوْنَ وَاقْتَدَارِ الْعَطَاءِ

مِنْ عَزِيزٍ أَدَالَ مِنْ بَابِ (خَيْبَرِ)

و إِذَا أَشْتَقْتَ رَحْمَةَ اللَّهِ يَا (حَا

فُظُ) فَاَنْشُدْ إِذْنُ سَلَاَفَ (الْكُوْثَرِ)

From the door-plucker of Khaibar, (Ali Mur-
 taza) manliness—— ask:

From Kubar's Khwaja, the mysteries of libera-
 lity, —— ask:

Hafiz! if, in sincerity, thirsty for God's grace,
 thou be,

From the Saki (Ali Murtaza) of Kausar, its
 fountain—— ask:

Frag' um die Tapferkeit den Helden von
 Chaiber,

Frag' um den Edelmuth der Grabesstätte
 Herrn,

Und labtest du, Hafis, an Gottes Huld dich gern,

So frag' um ihren Quell den Schenken am

Kjewsër,

بجرت که جان من درویش
گونی مکی به جگرش

رسیدم من که تو شوم و ریو
دیدم که همان روز بدم پیش

مہجرت کہ بجان من درویش آمد
گوئی نمکے بر جگر ریش آمد
تیرا فراق جو مجھ فکیر کی جان کو لگا ہے
گویا زخمی جگر پر نمک لگا ہے
ترسیدم ازیں کز تو شوم روزے دور
دیدم کہ ہماں روز بدم پیش آمد
میں ڈرتا تھا اگر کسی دن تجھ سے در نہ ہواؤں
تو تے دیکھا مجھے وہی برادن پیش آیا

کنتُ کالسَّائلِ العَديمِ من الحُبِّ
بجرحِ الفراقِ و هو أليمُ
نُبِیَّ القَلْبُ بالنهايةِ،
فانقُضَ حُسامٌ، فنا لنا التَّقسیمُ

The (bitter) separation that, on the soul of poor
me, — came.

Thou mayst say, —“On the wounded liver, a
piece of (bitter) salt— came.”

I feared that one day, far from thee, I should go,
Thou sawest that, verily, the evil day (of separa-
tion) before me, — came.

Als ich Armer in der Seele fühlte deiner Tren-
nung Schmerz,

War's als ob man Salz mir streute auf das wund-
geschlag'ne Herz;

Ich besorgte, eines Tages würden wir geschieden
sein,

Und du sahst's, am selben Tage stellt sich das
Unglück ein.

هر ویت که دم ز در و فادمن
هر پاک روی که بود در دامن

کونید شب - رستن و انیت عجب
کو مردند از چ - رستن

كُلُّ خِلٍّ أَشْمَى الْوَفَاءِ بِذِكْرِ
صَارَ خَضَمًا، وَالْحَسَنُ لَوْثَةً نَارِ
ذَكُرُوا اللَّيْلَ رَائِعًا بِخَفَايَا
مَا رَأَوْهَا، فَمَنْ شَرِيكَ بَعَارِ؟

Every friend who boasted of fidelity an enemy
became;

Pure of face, every one who was, wet of skirt
(impure)—— became.

They say: —— “Pregnant with the hidden is
night”. Wonder!

Since man she saw (knew) not, pregnant by
whom (is it that) she—— became?

Feind wurde jeder Freund der erst die Treue
pries,

Befleckt hat seinen Saum wer erst ein Reiner
hiess;

Die Nacht ist schwanger —— heisst's ——;
doch, o der Wundertha!

Wer schwängerte sie denn, da ihr kein Mann
genaht?

یاران جویم دست در اعوش^ی کشند
این کردش چرخ را فراموش^ی کشند

چون در بین سد منام رهای
ز یاد من آن دور قافاوش^ی کشند

يا أولي الحُبِّ في عناقِ الأيادي
حينما الوقتُ دائرٌ مَنَسِيًّا
أو قِفُوهُ متى تمثَّلَ دَوْرِي
لِتُرَى ذكرياتُ (نيسان) فيًّا

Friends! when hand together (ye are) —
embrace ye
(In friendship), this revolution of the sphere —
forget ye.
When, to me, the turn (of death) reacheth; (and),
in my place, I remain not,
In recollection of me, (during) that remaining
time, — drink ye.

Wenn Ihr, o Freunde, zärtlich Euch umschlin-
get,
O, so vergesst des Himmelsrades Schwung;
Und kömmt die Reih' an mich, und ich muss
scheiden,
So trinkt den Rest, mir zur Erinnerung!

ایام شب بستاند و آید
ببر خطان باد و تاب آید

عالم چه بدست خراب
در جای خراب هم خراب آید

ایام شباب ست شراب اولیٰ تر
 جوانی کا زمانہ ہے، شراب زیادہ بہتر ہے
 ہر غمزدہ مست و خراب اولیٰ تر
 ہر غم زدہ کا مست اور خراب ہونا زیادہ بہتر ہے
 عالم ہمہ سربسر خرابست و خراب
 عالم اتمام خراب ہی خراب ہے
 در جائے خراب ہم خراب اولیٰ تر
 خراب جگہ میں خراب ہی رہنا زیادہ بہتر ہے

الصَّبَا مَتَّبِعُ السَّلَافِ الشَّهِي
 فاشربوا مغرِقِينَ ذُلَّ الصَّبَابَةِ
 إِنَّمَا الْكَوْنُ هَزْءٌ لِّلْخَرَابِ
 وَ خَرَابُ الْاَرِبَابِ يَتْلُو خَرَابَهُ

'Tis the season of youth, wine, II best;
 Every grief-stricken one completely intoxicated,
 ——— best.
 All, end to end, ruined and waste, is the world;
 In the place of ruin, ruined (intoxicated), ———
 best.

Noch währt die Zeit der Jugend, das Beste ist
 nun Wein;
 Das Beste für Betrübte ist: wüst und trunken
 sein.
 Die Welt ist wüst vom Scheitel bis an der Füsse
 Rand:
 Das Wüstsein ist das Beste in einem wüsten
 Land.

خوبان جهان میدوان کرد
خوش از ایشان خورد

ز کس که دار جهانست
کزیر چگونه در آورد

كُلُّ حُسْنٍ الْوَجُودِ لِلتَّبَرِّمِ مَوْهُو
 بٌ، كَمَا صُفِّ غُرُضَةُ التَّجَّارِ
 وَمَلِكُ الرَّبِيعِ فِي عِزِّهِ (النَّرُّ
 جُسُّ) أَحْتَى رَأْسًا زَهَتْ بِالنَّضَارِ

Prey of the world's lovely ones, one can make—
 — with gold;
 On account of them, happily, happily, one can-
 not enjoy (life, only) — with gold.
 The narcissus, that is crown-possessor (king) of
 the world, behold, —
 How it also lowereth its head — with gold.

Die Schönen dieser Welt kann man mit Gold
 erhaschen
 Und kann gar schön mit Gold von ihren Früch-
 ten naschen:
 Sieh' die Narcisse an, die eine Krone schmücket,
 Wie sie ihr stolzes Haupt des Goldes wegen
 bückt.

سیلاب گرفت کرد ویرانه
و آغاز پری نهار و چاه

بیدار شومی خوب که خوش بکشد
حال زمانه رفت از خانه

حَوْلَ صَوْنِ الْحَيَاةِ تَصْخَبُ أُمُومَا
لَا يَنْقُبُ، وَالْعُمْرُ رَهْنُ انْكَسَابِ
وَقَرِيباً سَيَقْذِفُ الدَّهْرُ يَا صَا
جَ مَتَاعَ الْحَيَاةِ مِنْ كُشْرِبَابِ

Took the torrent of death) the ruined house ——
of life
(And) established the beginning of the fulness of
the cup—— of life.
O Khwaja! watchful be. For, soon, soon, (to the
grave) draweth
Time's porter the chattels from the house——
of life.

Schon naht der Lebenswüste ein Strom, der
mächtig schwillt,
Bald ist des Lebens Becher bis an den Rand
gefüllt:
Sei auf der Hut, o Meister, denn aus des Lebens
Haus
Schafft des Geschickes Träger schon das
Gepäck hinaus.

عشق رخ یار بر من گشاید
بختی دلان زده خوار گشاید

صوفی تو تو را بر روان میدانی
بر مردم زبانه گشاید

عشق رخ یار بر من زار مگیر
 بخشد دلون کی یکبارگی خطا نہ پکڑ
 صوفی چو تو رسم رہرواں میدانی
 تو زند انسانوں پر زیادہ نکتہ چینی نہ کر
 لا تَلُم مِدْمَعِي لافِشَائِهِ السَّرَّ

ورفقا بخافق في اضطرابه
 أي هذا الصوفي مُذْ شِمْتَ نَجْوَاهُ
 فلا تزدري به لاغترابه

Against me, love for the beloved's face plaint—
 take not

Against those shattered of heart, censure alto-
 gether, — take not

Sufi! since the way of the way-farers, thou
 knowest,

Against the man-profligate, much carping——
 take not.

Ob der Liebe zu dem Freunde
 Tadle mich Betrübten nicht;
 Geh' mit Männern kranken Herzens
 Nicht so kleinlich in's Gericht.
 Weil du Kunde hast, o Ssofi,
 Von der Wand'rer¹ Handlungsart,
 So beschuldige die Zecher
 Nicht so grausam und so hart.

نیش او ختم از روی نیا
گفتم من بود از ده را کار نیا

گفتا که بزم دور بزم کن
دیش خوش اویره در عمر کن

وَتَعَلَّقْتُ شَعْرَهَا بِدُمُوعِي
قَائِلًا: أَنْتِ لِي طَبِيبُ الشَّجُونِ
فَأَجَابَتْ: خُذْنِي، وَدَعْ لِي شَعْرًا
وَأَعْلَقُ الصَّفْوَلَا طَوِيلَ السَّنِينَ

By way of supplication, to that hyacinth (tress of
the true Beloved), I clung;
I said: ——“For me distraught, remedy make.”
He spake saying: ——“My (sweet) lip take; my
(long) tress, let go;
“To sweet ease (the lip), cling; not to life long.”

Ich hielt mich flehend fest an Seinen Sünbülhaa-
ren
Und bat Ihn, Hilfe doch mir Trauernden zu
geben.
Er sprach: ”Nimm meinen Mund, lass meine
Locken fahren,
Halt’ an die Freude dich, und nicht an’s lange
Leben.“

چشم تو که با ملت استوارش
یار که فوهار و داریادش

آن کوش که حلقه کرد در کوس
آویزه در نظم حافظ بادش

چشم تو کہ سحر بابلست استادش
 یزیدی آگہ، جس کا استاد، بابل کا مادی ہے
 حقا کہ فسون ہا نرود از یادش
 یقیناً جبارد اس کی یاد سے نہیں سٹے ہیں
 آن زلف کہ کرد حلقہ در گوش جمال
 وہ زلف جس نے حسن کے کان میں حلقہ ڈالا ہے
 اس حلقے کے لیے حافظ کی انظم کے موتی کا آریزہ چاہئے

أَيُّوَلَي سِحْرِ الْعُيُونِ اللَّوَاتِي
 عَلَّمَتْ (بَابِلَ) الرُّقَى وَالْفُتُونُ؟
 ثُمَّ أَذُنٌ دَقِيقَةٌ فِي جِمَانٍ
 مِنْ غَنَاءٍ (لِحَافِظٍ) لَا يَهُونُ؟

The eye, whose teacher is the sorcery of Babil;
 O God! (I swear) that, from its (the eye's) mind,
 the sorcery departeth not.

That tress, that be-ringed (enslaved) beauty,
 Of the pearl of Hafiz's verse, its attachment be!

Dein Aug', das in die Schule ging bei Babel's
 zauberischem Treiben,

Es mög', o Herr, stets eingedenk der trügeri-
 schen Künste bleiben!

Und jenes Ohr, das einen Ring der Schönheit in
 das Ohr gehangen,¹

Soll mit dem reichen Perlenschmuck hafisischer
 Gedichte prangen!²

شال
چو جان به زن بر کشد آن
سزای خود در و کمال
مای که

دشمن مار کی توان
مانده نکست
خار و زلال

چوں جامہ زن بر کشد آن مشکین خال
 جب وہ مشکین تل و لالہ بدن سے کپڑے اُتارتا ہے
 حقائق نظیر خود ندارد بمثال
 یقیناً اپنے جی کوئی مثال نہیں رکھتا ہے
 در سینہ دلش ز ناز کی بتواں دید
 نزاکت کی وجہ سے سینہ میں اس کا دل دکھایا جاسکتا ہے
 مانند سنگریزہ در آب زلال
 جیسے کہ نیر پانی میں پختہ کا گودا

حِينَ تُنْضَى عَنْهَا الثِّيَابُ انْسِيَاباً
 يَتَجَلَّى بَدْرٌ عَدِيمُ النَّظِيرِ
 إِيهِ يَا ذَا الْجِسْمِ الرَّقِيقُ بِكَ الْقَدْ
 بُ كَيَاقُوتَةٍ بِمَوْجِ نَضِيرِ!

(O God!) when the garment off from the body
that musky (fragrant) mole (the beloved)
draweth,

A moon that, in beauty, hath not her equal, —
In the chest, by reason of its transparency one
can see heart,

Like the hard stone in limpid water.

Zieht jener Holde mit dem Moschusmaale
 Das Kleid vom Leibe sich,
 Er, jener Mond, mit dem noch nie an Reizen
 Man Andere verglich,
 Kann man das Herz in seiner Brust erblicken
 — So zart ist er gebaut —

Wie man im Grunde eines klaren Wassers
 Die Kieselsteine schaut.¹

آواز مرغ طرب می شنوم
بانه گذار آب می شنوم

بیا و صدی پیش میگوئید
قصه روی عجب می شنوم

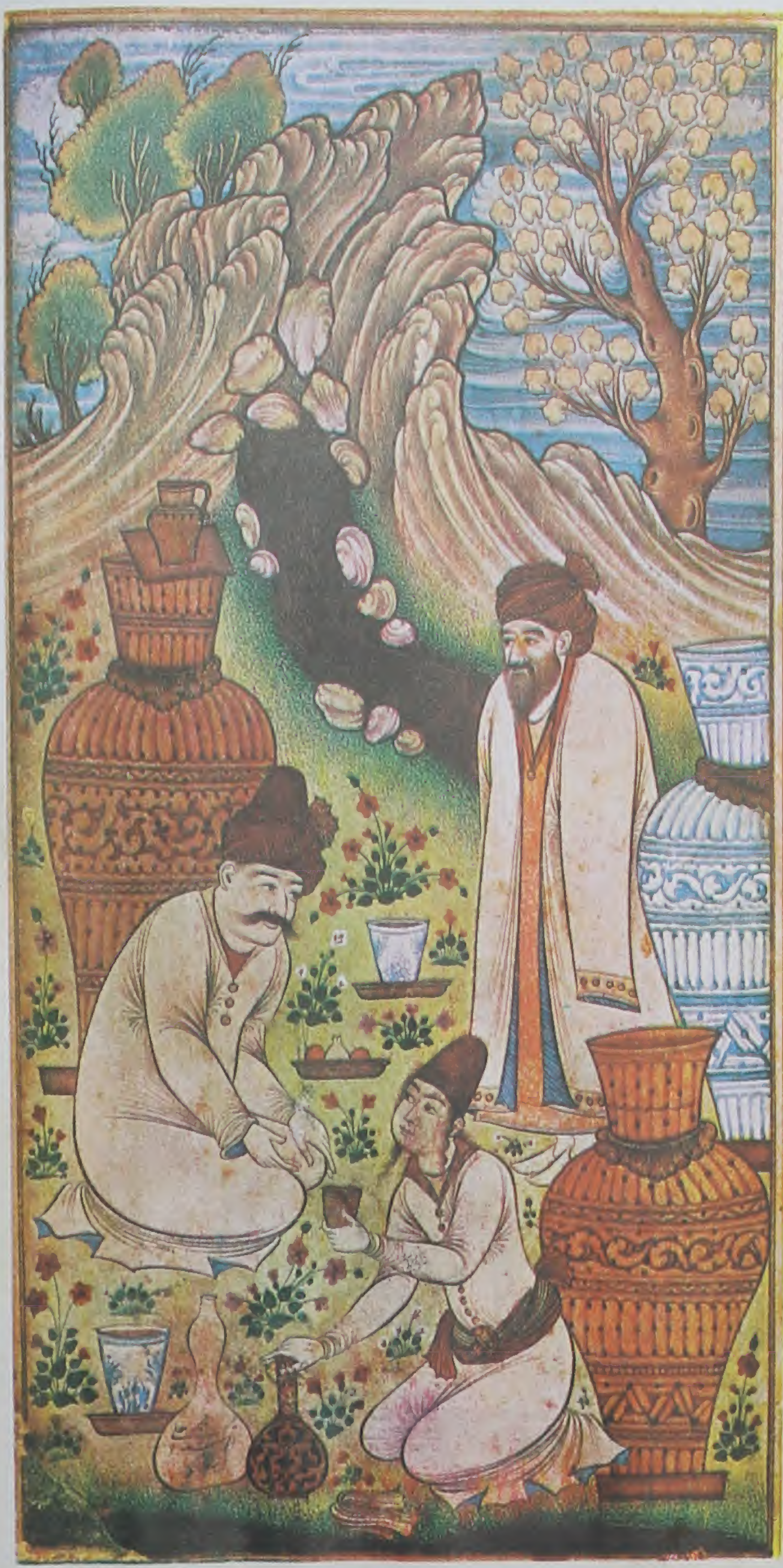
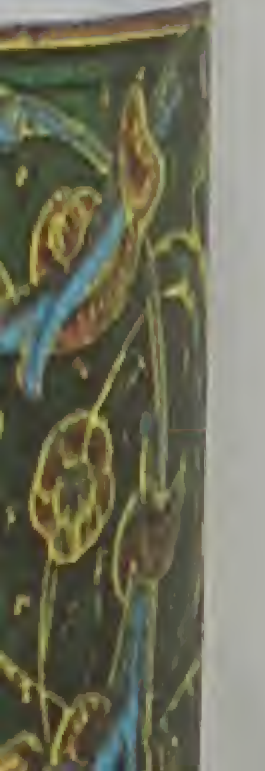


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آواز پر مرغِ طرب می شنوم یا نفہ گلزارِ ادب می شنوم
 میں مستی کے پرند کے پروں کی آواز سنتا ہوں یا ادب کے گلزار کی خوشبو سونگتا ہوں
 یا بادِ حدیثِ زبانش میگوید القصہ حکایتِ عجب می شنوم
 یا ہوا اس کے ہونٹ کی بات کہہ رہی ہے القصہ، میں عجب حکایت سنتا ہوں

خلتُ أَنِّي استمعتُ رَفَّ جناحِ
 لنعيمٍ، والوردُ حولي يفوحُ
 خطفتُ لي الحديثَ مِنْ فمها الرِّيحُ،
 فأجملُ بما رَوَّتهُ الرِّيحُ!

The beating of the pinion of the bird of joy, I
 hear;
 Or, the perfume of the rose-bed of wish, I
 perceive:
 Or, the tale from his lips, the breeze uttereth;
 In short, a wonderful tale, I hear.

Hör' ich des Wonnevogels Flügelschläge?
 Schickt Däfte mir der Wünsche Rosenflur?
 Wie, oder spricht der Wind von Seiner Lippe?
 Kurz, ich vernehme Wunderbares nur.

جانا چو شبنم با تو روز آورد
سربستو دی راورم نامرد

از مکتبم سز این کتب حیات
از حتم نوشتن ابدیت خورم

جاناں چوتے باتو بروز آوردم کر بے تو دے بر آورم نامردم
 ایے جاناں جبکہ میں نے تیرے ساتھ نہ آکر گذری اگر تیرے بغیر ایک سال بھی نون تو میں نامرد ہوں
 از مرگ نہ ترسم پس ازین کباب حیات از چشمہ نوشش آبدارت خوردم
 اس کے بعد میں مرنے سے نہ ڈروں تھا، اس لیے کہ آج جا میں نے تیرے آبدار، شہد کے چشمہ سے پی لیا ہے

إيہ یا رَبَّةَ الْفَوَادِ الْكَبِيرِ

کَم وَدَدْتُ الْفِدَا، فَمِنْكَ وُجُودِي

لَوْ عَلِمْتُ الْعَذَابَ مِنْ نَارٍ وَجَدِي

جُدْتُ بِالْمَاءِ رَائِقاً أَيْ جُودِ

O soul! since, with thee, a night to day——

brought I,

If, without thee, I heave a breath not man——

am I;

After this, death I fear not. For of the water of life

From thy sweet glistening fountain (the ruby lip)——

drank I.

O Seele! da ich eine Nacht

Bis hin zum Tag mit dir verbracht,

Bin ich kein Mann, verbringe ich

Nunmehr ein Weilchen ohne dich.

Der Furcht des Todes bin ich los

Für alle Zeit, denn ich genoss

Des Lebens Wasser, das so hell

Entströmet deinem süßen Quell.

در از روی بو پس و نهارت دوم
در خست لعل ابدارت مردم

تنگم در از گواه کس
باز باز به کز انتظار مردم

در آرزوئے بوس و کنارت مردم در حسرتِ لعلِ آبدارت مردم
 میں تیرے بوس و کنار کی آرزو میں مر گیا میں تیرے آبدارِ لعل کی حسرت میں مر گیا
 قصہ چہ کنم دراز کوتاہ کنم باز آواز آرزو منتظارت مردم
 قصہ کو دراز کیا کروں، مختصر کرتا ہوں آجہ آجا اس لیے کہ میں تیرے انتظار میں مر گیا

آه! أَفْنَى مِنْ حَسْرَتِي يَا غَرَامِي
 لِنَوَى تَغْرِيكِ الَّذِي غَابَ لَثْمًا
 خَتَمَ الْحِطُّ سِيرَتِي فَتَعَالِي!
 فانتظاري موتٌ يُكْرَرُ حَثْمًا

In desire for thy kiss and embrace,—

I die.

In grief for thy glistening ruby (lip),—

I die.

Long, the tale, wherefore do I make? Short, (it) I
 will make;

Come back! for again in expectation (longing) for
 thee,

I die.

Sieh', ich sterbe vor Verlangen nach Umarmung
 und nach Kuss,

Sieh', ich sterbe vor Begierde nach des saft'gen
 Mund's Genuss;

Doch was spreche ich noch länger? Kurz und
 bündig will ich sein:

Komm zurück; denn sieh', ich sterbe schon
 durch der Erwartung Pein!

در بحر تو من را شمع آوردن کرم
و اتم تو صراحی است گلگون کرم

چون ساغر باده ام که از دل تنگی
چون ناله حیات بشوم خون کرم

في اعتزال أبكي بدمع غزير
 فاق دمع الشموع والقنينة
 فاض كأس الرحيق إذ أفعم القلب
 من (العود) في دموعي الحزينة

In separation from thee, more than the (gutte-
 ring) candle, — 1 weep:
 Even like a wine-flagon, tears, rose of hue
 (bloody) — 1 weep.
 Like the cup of wine, I am. For, from heart-
 straitedness,
 When the harp's wail, I hear, — blood, —
 1 weep.

Stärker wein' ich als die Kerze, bin ich nicht mit
 dir vereint,
 Weine rosenfarbe Thränen, wie sie nur die Fla-
 sche weint;
 Einem Glase Weines gleich' ich, denn mein
 Herz, das enge, tl
 — Höre ich die Harfe klagen — wie das Glas: es
 weinet Blu

در خاکی مراد ضایع دارم
وز دور فلک صیت که نافع دارم

بگریستم که را دوست شدم
شد دشمن من و که چو طالع دارم

عمرے زئے مراد ضائع دارم در دورِ فلک چسیت کر نافع دارم
 مقصد کے پیچھے میری ایک عمر برباد ہو گئی ہے دورِ فلک سے مجھے کیا مفید بات ملی ہے
 وقتے کہ بگفتہ کہ ترا دوست شدم شد دشمن من ہیں کہ چہ طالع دارم
 جس وقت میں نے کہا کہ میں تیرا دوست ہو گیا ہوں وہ میرا دشمن بن گیا، دیکھو میرا کیا نصیب ہے!

فی مَسَاعٍ مُحَالَةٍ طَارُ عُمرِی

أَيُّ غُنْمٍ مِنْ قَهْرٍ صَیْفٍ سَابِقٍ؟

أَصْدِقَائِي بِالْأَمْسِ عَدُوٌّ خُصُومِي

رَاحَ وَرَدُّ كَمَا تَهَاوَتْ زُنَابِقُ

A long life in pursuit of desire, lost — I have;
And from the sky's revolution, what is it that
profitable—— I have?

To whomsoever, I spake saying: ——“Thy
friend, I was:”

Became my enemy. Alas! what (ill-) star, ——
I have.

In eitlen Wünschen nur vergeude ich das Leben,
Was hat des Himmels Lauf mir Nützliches
gegeben?

Und wen ich immer noch um Freundschaft hab'
beschworen,

Der wurde mir zum Feind. O wär ich nie
geboren!

بباز یک زمان از لب جام
تستانی کام جهان از لب جام

در جام جهان چو نخل و شیرین است
این از لب یار خواه و آن از لب جام

لب باز مکیر یک زماں از لب جام تا برداری کام جہاں از لب جام
 تمہری دیر کے لیے بھی، جام کے ہونٹ سے ہونٹ نہا ناک تو دنیا کا مقصد جام کے ہونٹ سے ماہل کرے
 در جام جہاں چو تلخ و شیریں ہم ست ایں از لب یار خواہ و آن از لب جام
 دنیا کے جام میں چونکہ کڑوا اور شیریں ملا ہے یہ معشوق کے ہونٹ سے ماہل کر اوردہ جام کے ہونٹ سے
 لَا تَدْعُ قَبْلَ لِحَافَةِ كَأْسٍ

خَوْفٌ أَنْ يَفْلَتَ الْغِنَى وَالْمَجْدُ
 مِنْ كَأْسِ الْحَيَاةِ حُلُوٌّ وَمُرٌّ

مِنْ شَرَابٍ وَمِنْ شِفَاهِ تَوَدُّ

A moment take not thy lip back —

from the lip of the cup;

So that the world's desire thou mayst take——

from the lip of the cup.

Since, in the world's cup, together are the bitter
 and the sweet,

Desire this (the sweet) from the lip of the Belov-
 ed; that (the bitter)——

from the lip of the cup.

Von des Glases Lippe ziehe deine Lippe nie
 zurück,

Dass dir durch des Glases Lippe werde jedes
 Erdenglück.

Bitt'res ist vermencht mit Süssem in dem Glase
 der Natur:

Jenes beut des Glases Lippe,¹ dies des Freundes
 Lippe nur.

من جای تو در دل خوشی کنم
در تو دوا می بگردیش کنم

چندان که تو بر دلم خاشاک کنی
من بر لبه انم که وفا پیش کنم

أَفْسَخَ الْقَلْبُ مَوْضِعاً لِشُجُونِ
عَذْبَةٍ مِنْكَ وَهِيَ بَرءُ الْجِرَاحِ
كَلَّمَا زِدْتَ حَمْلَ قَلْبِي ثَأْراً
زَادَ حُبّاً وَ إِنِ اطَالَ النَّوْاحُ

In my own heart, the place of grief for thee, —
I make;
The pain for thee, the remedy for my rent liver,
— I make.
Even as violence against my heart, the more thou
makest,
Intent on that I am that fidelity, the more, —
I make.

Ich will in meinem Herzen treu den Gram um
dich bewahren,
Will deinen Schmerz in Arznei für's wunde
Herz verkehren;
Je mehr du mir das Herz betrübst durch grausa-
mes Verfahren,
Um desto heisser wird mein Wunsch die Treue
zu vermehren.

ای آنکه هند... مه... باوه از...
رخاک جناب تو شب و روز...
جسین

رودت و زبان و دل...
بر آتش...
بشین

أَنْتِ يَا مَنْ تُطِيعُهَا الشَّمْسُ وَالْبَدُ
رُ سُجُوداً عَلَى ثَرَى الْأَغْشَابِ
أَمْنَعِينِي عَنْ حُرْقَتِي فِي أَنْتِظَارِ
أَوْ جُلُوسِي فِي ظِلِّ دَاجِي السَّحَابِ

O Thou, on account of whose majesty, the sun
and the moon lay
Their forehead (in homage), night and day, on
the dust of Thy garden!
Me, possessed of hand, of tongue, and of heart,
strait (by Thy shunning, and want of kindness)
plant not;
I on the fire of expectation; and, thou careless (of
me) — sit not.

O du, in dessen Staub, voll Ehrfurcht, Mond und
Sonne
Bei Nacht so wie bei Tag die Stirn zu legen
pflegt!
Lass mich beengt an Hand, an Zung' und Herz
nicht schmachten
In der Erwartung Gluth, indess dich Nichts
bewegt.

امروز دین زمانه عهد
که دوست که عاقبت بگردد دشمن

تنهایی را از آن گرفتار
تا دوست نبیندم بکار دشمن

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إِيَّاهُ يَا عَهْدَ مُخْلَفَاتِ الْوُعُودِ
فَاللَّدُودُ الْخَصِيمُ كَانَ صَدِيقًا
إِنِّي عَالِقٌ بِثَوْبٍ اعْتَزَلَنِي
أَتَفَادَى وَدًّا يَخُونُ بِرِيقًا

To-day, at this time of covenant-breaking,
enemy.
Where, the friend who, in the end, becometh not
enemy.
Solitude's skirt, I took on that account,
That, me, the friend should not see with the
desire of the ——— enemy.

Wo lebt in dieser Zeit, die jede Treue bricht,
Ein Freund, der uns zuletzt zum Feinde würde
nicht?
Ich lebe immerdar geschieden von der Welt,
Sonst sähe mich der Freund wie es dem Feind
gefällt¹

تیرا رفاق بهادور
نه طاق ملک بخون دل اندون

صد سال در اسیر دین
به زبان که دمی عدم نادان

إِنَّ سَحَقَ الدُّنْيَا جَمِيعاً، وَغُوصاً
بِدَمِ الْقَلْبِ فِي تَصْرُمٍ جَزْرٍ (١)
وَاحْتِمَالِ الْأَغْلَالِ وَالْهَمِّ قَرْناً
لَهُوَ خَيْرٌ مِنْ فِتْرَةٍ مَعَ غَرٍّ

In a mortar, end to end, the climes ———
to pound;
With the heart's blood, the nine arches of the sky
————— to smear;
A hundred years more, the prison-captive——
to be,
Better than, a moment, the associate of the fool
to be.

Die ganze Welt im Mörser klein zerreiben,
Mit Herzensblut auf die neun Himmel schrei-
ben,
Und hundert Jahr'im Kerker sein, ist leichter
Als Einen Augenblick bei Thoren bleiben.¹

ای ششم ده غنچه پوراز تو
حیران و جل بر پس محموداز تو

کل ماتو براری کج پاید کرد
کو نور زمه دارد و مه نوراز تو

اے شرم زدہ سنجہ مستواز تو
 اے وہ ہر چھپا ہوا سنجہ تجھ سے شرم زدہ ہے
 حیران و خجل نرگس مخمور از تو
 نشیلی نرگس تیری وجہ سے حیران اور شرمندہ ہے
 گل باتو برابری کیا آرد کرد
 گل، تیری کیا برابری کر سکتا ہے؟
 کو نور زمہ دارد و مہ نور از تو
 کیونکہ اس کو چاند سے نور حاصل ہوتا ہے اور چاند کو کونچہ سے

يَجِبُ الْوَرْدُ ذَاتَهُ فِي حَيَاءٍ

و كذا النرجس الذي منك يُطْرَقُ

كيف يُبْدِي سُلْطَانَهُ الْوَرْدُ وَالْبَد

رُ سَنَاءُ، وَأَنْتِ لِلْبَدْرِ مَشْرِقُ؟!

O thou! the veiled rose-bud, shame-stricken —

—

by thee;

The intoxicated narcissus, astonished and abashed

—

by thee.

Equality with thee, the rose how can make?

For, it hath light from the moon; and the mouth,

light — by thee

Du, vor dem die keusche Knospe sich erröthend
 neigt,

Und die trunkene Narcisse Scham und Staunen
 zeigt!

Kann mit dir doch selbst die Rose sich verglei-
 chen nicht,

Denn sie borget von dem Monde, er von dir das
 Licht.

خسبت که فسون و رنگ می بارد
ز سوز که ییخت می بارد

ببین و دملول گشتی از نفسان
آه از دل تو که پست می بارد

إِنَّ عَيْنِيكَ حَيْثُ سِحْرٌ وَمَيْنٌ
وَسِهَامٌ تُرَاشُ فِي كِذْبٍ ظُلْمَةٍ
كَمْ تَهَابَانِ نَظْرَتِي، وَأَرَانِي
مِثْلُ مَرِيٍّ، فَحَالِ دَمْعُكَ رَجْمَةٍ

(O thou,) whose eye! — sorcery and deceit
keep raining—— from it;
Ho! the sword of battle keepeth raining——
from it.
Vaxed with friends, too quickly thou becamest;
Alas thy heart! for stone keepeth raining——
from it.

Dein Auge, das Ränke nur regnet und List.
Es regnet auch Schwerter. Gewarnt lasst Euch
sein!
Die treuen Genossen missfielen dir schnell:
O über ein Herz, das so hart ist wie Stein!

ای سایه نسبت بمن پرورده
ماقوت لبست در عدن پرورده

بحون لب خوددم جانیه پرورده
زان راح که رویت تن پرورده

في حِمَى شَعْرِكَ ازْدَهَى اليَاسْمِينُ
كفَمِ الحُسْنِ صَانٌ لَوْلُو (عَدْنِ)
مِثْلَكَ الرُّوحُ فِيهِ وَحْيٌ سَلَفِ
مُشْرِقٍ مِنْ سَنَى كَحُسْنِ بِحُسْنِ

O thou, the shadow of whose hyacinth-trese the
jessamine ——— cherished!
The ruby of whose lip 'Adn's pearl, ———
cherished!
As thy lip (is wine-cherished, so), ever the soul,
wine ——— cherished
With that wine, which is spiritual, thy body ———
cherished.

Du, in dessen Sünbül-Schatten Nahrung findet
der Jasmin!¹

Nahrung gibt den Perlen Eden's² deine Lippe
von Rubin.

Wie der Lippe, sei der Seele Nahrung stets von
dir beschert,

Durch des Weines Geist, dem Nahrung in der
Tonne wird gewährt.

گفتی که ترا شوم دارند
دل خوش کن به بکارید

کوه به دل کاخی دلش میخوانند
یک قطره نوست و میراند

حَدَّثَنِي: إِنِّي الْعُمَرُ طَوَّعُ
فَتَشَجَّعُ وَضُنْ هَوَاكَ بِحِلْمٍ
آه، مَا الْقَلْبُ؟ قَالَ صَوْتُ حَكِيمٍ:
«كُتِلَةُ مِنْ دَمٍ حَوَتْ أَلْفَ هَمٍّ»

Thou spakest saying: —“Thine, I am; have no—
— care;
The heart, joyous make; to patience, consign
thy—— care.
Patience where? The heart, what? That which
heart, thou callest
Is a drop of blood, and many a —— care.

Du sprachst: "Dein will ich werden,
"Steh' d'rum in Sorgen nicht,
"Und freue dich; nur mache
"Dir die Geduld zur Pflicht."
Geduld und Herz, was sind sie?
Das, was du nennst ein Herz,
Ist nur Ein Tropfen Blutes
Und tausendfacher Schmerz.

از حاجب دی وی و سکنی
وزیر و زکوار و بود

از گشت نیم نشین
از گشت نیم نشین

از بیکسی و عاجزی و مسکینی وز سرکشی و تکبر و خود بینی
 بے کسی اور عاجزی اور مسکینی کی وجہ سے اور سرکشی اور تکبر اور خود بینی کی وجہ سے
 بر آتش اگر نشا نیم نشینم بر دیدہ اگر شامت نشین
 اگر تو مجھے آگ پر بجائے گا تو میں بیٹھ جاؤں گا اگر میں تجھے آنکھ میں بٹھاؤں گا تو نہ بیٹھے گا

الشَّفَاهُ الْحِسَانُ لَيْسَتْ لِوَعْدٍ

وُ مَحِبُّو الْإِلَهِ مَعَهَا بِنَارٍ!

فَإِذَا مَا حَبَبْتُكَ مَا أَنْتَ تَهْوَى

كَانَ هَذَا تَسْطِيرَ آيِ اشْتِهَارٍ!

From feebleness, humbleness, and wretchedness,

From haughtiness, greatness, and self-sufficiency,

If, me, on the fire, thou place, (quietly) I sit;

If thee, on the steed, I place, thou sittest not.

Ich bin ein schwacher Mann, bin sanft und unterthänig,

Indess nur Grösse, Stolz und Dünkel aus dir spricht;

Setz'st du auf's Feuer mich, werd ich d'rin sitzen bleiben.

Doch setz' ich dich auf's Pferd, bleibst du d'rauf sitzen nicht.

ای دست گام دشت انگری
بودم و بهار و نغمه انگری

کشیتون است به چون تیر
قرابن شوی پیکر انگری

فِي جَمَالٍ صَبَّبْتَنِي كَرَبِيعٍ
مُبْهَجٍ عَادَ كَالْخَرِيفِ الْمُعْنِي
كُنْتُ حِيناً لَدَيْكَ مِلاً، اِعْتَدَالِ
فَإِذَا الْوَجْدُ مِثْلَ قَوْسٍ حَنَانِي

O friend! me to the enemy's desire, ——
thou madest;
When I was (fresh) spring, me, like (sere)
autumn, —— thou madest.
In thy quiver, straight (of body), like the arrow, I
was;
Sacrifice for thee, I am; me (bent like), the bow,
why (is it that) —— thou madest?

Wie mich nur die Feinde wünschen, wurde ich, o
Freund, durch dich,
Wurde, ach, durch dich zum Herbste, der ich
einem Frühling glich;
Weilte stets in deinem Köcher,¹ schnurgerade
wie ein Pfeil:
Weshalb machtest du, o Theurer, nun zu einem
Bogen mich?

ای کاش که بخت سازگاری کرد
با جو زمانه باری کرد

از دست جوایم چو بود غمان
پری چور کاب پایداری کرد

ای شمس طاعت او را / در پیش حیات نزار / ای شمس عیسی شمس / در از طیب آدمی شمس



نگارخانه

زیر پای او / در پیش حیات نزار / ای شمس عیسی شمس / در از طیب آدمی شمس

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اے کاش کہ نخت ساز گاری کرے یا چرخ زمانہ باز پاری کر دے
 اے کاش نصیبِ موافقت کرتا یا زمانہ کا آسمان دوبارہ مدد کرتا
 از دست جوانیم چو بر بود عنال پیری چو رکاب پایداری کر دے
 جب جوان میرے ہاتھ سے باگ چڑائیگی رکاب بڑھاپا رکاب کی طرح پایداری کرتا

آه لو أنني أصادفُ (حظي)

فاذا (الدَّهرُ) مانحُ إرجائي

و إذا ما (الشَّبابُ) ألقى (عناناً)

مَثَلِ (السَّنِّ) لي «رُكَّاب» البَقَاءِ

O would that concordance, fortune——

had made

Or (that) again, aid, time's revolution——

had made.

When from the hand, the rein of my youth, it
 (time) snatched,

(Would that) footedness like the stirrup, old
 age—— had made.

O dass des Schicksals Gunst sich freundlich zu
 mir neigte

Und mir der Zeiten Lauf von Neuem Freund-
 schaft zeigte!

Da meiner Jugend Hand entrissen er die Zügel,
 Mach' er das Alter mir fusshältig gleich dem
 Bügel!

باشاید شوق شک و بار بخت و
سختی و فراغی و یک شبیه

چون کرم شود ز باد و مار و گرسنه
مست بر یک بوی از حام

باشاہ شوخ و شک و بابر بطولے
 شوخ اور پھل مشرق اور بربط اور نے کے ساتھ
 نچے و کبالے و یکے شیشہ مے
 ایک گوشہ ہو اور کباب اور ایک بوتل شراب
 منّت نرم بیک جواز مائیم طے
 تو میں مائیم طائی کا ایک۔ جو برابر احسان و انعاموں
 جب ہماری رنگیں اور پٹے، شراب مے گرم ہو جائیں

بین حسناء فی ابتسام و عود
 یوقظ الفجر ثم قلب تحلل
 و ملاذ و خمرة رقصت لی
 بدمی لست جود (حاتم) أسأل!

With the mistress, saucy and amorous; and with
the minstrel and the reed,

A quiet corner, a little leisure, and a bottle of
wine.

When warm with wine became our vein and
tendon,

(Even) to a barley-corn, favour I take not from
(the generous) Hatim Tai.

Ein Liebeheissen Blut's, ein Sänger, eine
Flöte,

Ein Fläschchen Wein, ein Ort, der still und
ruhig sei!—

Und, glüht mir dann der Wein durch Adern und
durch Nerven,

Begehre ich kein Korn von einem Hatem Tai.

رودل غم روزگار مایه دار
گنبد از جهان و هر چه در وی دار

بازی و شرب و طلب و مایه کلی
در دست کنون که جرقه می دار

جَانِبَ الْحُزْنِ حَوْلَ دُنْيَا الْمَعَاصِي
وَتَخَلَّى عَمَّا حَوَاهِ الْكُفْرِ
وَاتَّبَعَ الْحُبَّ، فَالسَّلَافَةُ تَجْلُو
ظُلْمَةَ الْهَمِّ وَهِيَ نُورٌ وَلَوْ

On the heart, grief for time how long ——
thou hast?

The world, abandon; and whatever in it ——
thou hast.

Desire a friend, a little wine, and the foot of
propinquity to the rose,

Now, that, in the hand, a draft of wine, ——
thou hast.

Wirst du den Gram der Zeit noch lang im Herzen nähren?——
Ein Freund, ein Rosenbaum und Wein sei dein Begehren,
Jetzt wo des Weines Rest in Händen blinket dir.

در غایت اگر کسی ماند باشد
سر کوه بود از زمانه کاه

چاره غریب اگر چه ساکن باشد
چون باد وطن کند بر آردا

إِنَّ مَنْ يَسْكُنُ الْحَقَارَةَ رَغْمًا
لَيْسَ يَبْقَى لَدَيْهِ دَاعٍ لِفَخْرِهِ
غَيْرَ أَنَّ الْغَرِيبَ فِي الْفَقْرِ لَا
يَنْسَى حَنِينًا لِأَهْلِهِ وَلِمِصْرِهِ

If, in wandering, a person remain ——

a month,

If the mountain (in strength) he be, of him shall
remain (only)——

a straw.

Though (in a foreign place) dweller be the poor
stranger,

When his native land, he remembereth, heaveth
he——

a sigh.

We auch nur monatlang als Fremdling irrt
umher,

Der wird zum Halme bald, und wenn ein Berg er
wür?!

fand der Fremdling auch ein freundlich
armend' Dach,

Denkt er an's Vaterland, entschlüpft ihm doch

پیشانی
گشتم که چه خاست بدین پیر
مکنی گشتا تو سلیم و ساده و بی

نست
چال باخالی
در این حال خود در این می
تو مردم چه

172
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قلتُ: «يا شامة السرور لقلبي!»
فأجابت: «يا عاشقي المتجنى!»
«ليس مرآة بهجتني تحفظ الخا
ل، ولكن سواد رؤياك حسني»

I spake saying: ——"Thy (dark) mole is what
with this sweetness?"

She said: ——"Simple, foolish, and pitiful thou
art.

"Not a mole is in our beauty's mirror,

"In it (the mirror), thy own (dark) pupil (of the
eye) thou seest."

Ich sprach: "Was für ein Maal, ein süßes,
erblicke ich an dir?"

"Einfältig, schwach und blöde bist du", entgeg-
nete Er mir.

"Im Spiegel meiner holden Reize erblickt man
Male nicht:

"Den Stern nur deines Auges siehst du in mei-
nem. Angesicht."

یارب جو پرآزنده حاجات توئی
هم قاضی و کافی مهات توئی

دل خوشی تو کی کویم
چون عالم از هیات توئی

يا عظيمًا يوزع الحاجاتِ
مِنْ جِزَاءٍ وَ مِنْ مَلَامٍ بِقَدْرِ
لَمْ كَشَفِي عَنْ سِرِّ قَلْبِي إِذَا
كُنْتَ لَا تَسْتَطِيعُ عِرْفَانِ سِرِّي!؟

O Lord! since the accomplisher of needs —
Thou art;
Both Kazi (of our need) and all sufficient —
Thou art.
To Thee, my own heart's secret how shall I utter?
Since the knower of hidden mysteries —
Thou art.

Herr, ein Helfer in den Nöthen
Mächtigster aller Streite bist!
Wollte ich Geheimes dir vertrauen,
Da nichts Geheimes dir verborgen ist?

رباعیات حافظ بحرانی ترجمہ: دکتر احمد زکی ابوشادی
رباعیات حافظ بہ انگلیسی ترجمہ: ویلبر فورس کلارک
رباعیات حافظ بہ اردو ترجمہ: مولانا قاضی سجاد حسین
رباعیات حافظ بہ آلمانی ترجمہ: روزن تسوایک

472
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دیلانم قلم ترکیب پیدا مشعره حضرت است مانند بنیبت حله خنده مر و طه بلا سنگ قند وادر خاموشی اسب با محبت
 پرتو مر و دیلان سر دل ربا دور سرنویدل دلق رنگین سر ابرو محبت چراغ صافه شاد بخت منجبت ملک گذرگاه غیت دلق
 حرم سرفه غت خوشید بلند اتر و طرغ خم نشین شکوه اصغر بیت الحرام خم نازک غلار آب چشمه خوشید نافه ملاد بخار
 طلب و خلاصه صدای فیکر که از نشانه کلمات خوش رنگ و رنگ پیرم صدایت با مر آفرید

بیاع تازه کن آئین دین ز روشنی کنگره لاله بر افروخت آتش فرود

کلمات در نسخ نقش مهر دارند کلمه واقعه که به معنی مصطلح و متداول حادثه یا اتفاق است در نسخ قلم به معنی مرکب آهسته و بشیر از نسخ کلام
 و آید در این بیت گیر و گیر کنسند معنی مقصود به آمده است

بروز واقعه تابوت باز سر و کنید که مرده ایم به داغ بلبت بالائی

صد شایسته تسلیم از دیلانم حفظ آورد که وقار و جلال از آن ساطع و تابانست پیوسته با طرز پوشیده استعاره این مطلب
 مرکب و یکدیگر در یک صحت و عادی و زیاده و کمبود ندارد

رهش بند قضا هست امید آن حافظ که بسچو سر و بدستم نگار باز آید
 اینم وقار و جلال لازم زین خط است خرد غزل خالص و عفو و منت افتاد که مرکب دیگر به از وقار و جلال مرده
 زهد من با تو چه سنجید که به نیامی دلم مست و آشفته بخلو که راز آمده ای
 ساعتی ناز مفر ما و بگردان حادث چون پرسیدن ارباب نیاز آمده ای
 پیش بالایی تو میرم چه بصلح چه بجنگ که چه حال بر ازنده ناز آمده ای

حقایق بلا بر پروردگار با الفاظ فحیم و ترکیب قبحیم بیان میگردد و کمال انسانی را در این شیرین رقیه به کمال مظهر دین و جلوه کمال حقیقت و یقین عیسی
 السلام الغیب به عرفان اسلام در از فرد بار و در ساز بهیج در در وجه خلقت شمس الدین محمد قطب تجلیر و تحقق یافته به حق داشت که بگوید «قطب از خود
 عارف وقت خویشم» آنجا که قطب حادث میسراید به عارف ساخته و پرداخته و هر چه قطب دارد و به حقیقت در کار شناساندن و نذر عالم سوز خفته
 که در سر اسرار ملک فارس زبانش شود و در شیرین لای غریب و ناشناخته مانده است.

مرا به زندی و عشق آن فحول عیب کند که اعراض بر افسار علم غیب کند
 بر در میخانه عشق ای ملک تسبیح کوی کا ندر آنجا طیست آدم مخمومی کند

از خصوصیات بسیار قطب اشاره به ولایت افسانه ای، معقولات دین و دهر، مخصوصا که ربه معارف قرار، جلالت یا نحر و حشر عادات
 و ادب از ختم است کلمات بلا از در این اصل انتخاب می کند و تنبیه اینها را دقیقاً که مریدان از مجموع مفهوم مراد که مراد بطور کامل متروک
 است که از آن سر ولایت در دین است محترم سازد.

اسم اعظم بکند کار خود را خوش باش که تلبیس و حل دیوسلیمان شود

نخستین محسوس این خصوصیت از قطب و قار و جلال است چنانکه صفت باز سخن حد بر رو او خدایت و آنچه از فرس در حله اول احسان

فحاشا و استحکام است یا از بسک ناصر خسرو و خفا و صلابت بود و نظام و لطافت تعبیر و تشبیه و در میان متعارفات. در قریب

پنجار بیت حظه بیک تعبیر و افتاده و باز در بیک ترکیب است بهر خوریم، شاید این خصوصیت بسیار از گویندگان دیگر گما بشیر دید شده

این سخن قطب بهر خسرو از این عالم بر مرده و در این کلام که از این سخن معلوم میماند ناصر خسرو و خفا از فهم و دینیت مهم و دوزخ شده. مفاسد عالمی

و پیش از افتاده و در بساز و قار و تا که بر دوزخ آورده این خصوصیت نخست از انتخاب کلمه پس از آن از کیفیت نشاندن آنها صریح و دو باب است

حافظ شیرازی

قطعه. منظر عالمیست عذر کاهن، بنهر سب در بطریق زینت است که از مرز زینم و مکان فلاز کام نمیدانم چنانکه کسی
تا این حد علم متکلف نیست. «قطعه» بهر است که لایه تراست تصور. از آنجا که محبت بزرگوار که در آنجا در آنجا
ایلا نه با عجزی که در جهت تصور مشهور. دیوان شعرش همراه با کتاب مقدس است و در این مشهور. «قطعه» لایه الغیب شناخته شده
زیبا غزلها و غزلیات «بهر مستمع» او بهر حال چیز دارد که عارف و مراد از حد است. «کام زینت» بنظر خود عالمیست
در یاد در دیف و پیا اولیست قلم در بد. منظر قدر تکلیف روشن و تابناک در در راه شناخت حق و حقیقت بنظر شیرازی
پشت دروغ و سرشت پاک دریا و دل و لامر نهایی. عشق و امید این نام. جذبه است از نور و زندگی و شکر شایسته است که
همه آثار بشری در آن مستقر گردید است. و هم از این رو است که پس از گذشت قرنها، همه از او مدد میجویند تا سرشت ایشان را بداند
شعر خود باز گو باشد. بهر گوشت است که این نامه دامن در نظر علوم زندگرافیا این مرز میاید و حال از آن تقدیر نام در یاد بر میگردد
«قطعه» خلق زیبا ترین زیبا است. از آنجا که است که با غزلیات خود در وجه نموده هم چه برگزیده نام چه کویه بی نام نشود
و استغناء به بیت و عشق و این نام توفیق مرکب و این نام شگفت آور است.

سیر معنوی و زندگی اجتماعی حافظ :

در اواخر نیمه اول قرن ششم در آن زمان که در آنجا علم شایسته که بدین نام که اولاد شمس الدین محمد «نمیدانند»
رتب تجمیلات متعدد و بدستی و در نهایت از زرد پا که کم از کم در قرن ششم میلاد با نوب و قطعه از آنجا که در آنجا

بزرگ است زیرا آغاز و انجامی نیست کلام تو چون بستر آسمان شهاب خود داشته
است تو آن سرچشمه فیاض شعروشاطی که از آن هر لحظه موجی از پس موجی
دیگر بیرون میرود. حافظ خود را با تو برابر نهادن بزرگ نشان جنون نیست تو آن
کشتی که مغرورانه باد و در بادبان افکنده است تاسینه دریا را بشکافد و پای بر سر
امواج نهد و من آن تخته پاره ام که بخودانه سیلی خور دریایم.

نیچه شاعر آلمانی میگوید: حافظ میخانه ای از حکمت بنا کردی که از بزرگترین
کاخ جهان بزرگتر است و در آن باده ای از لطف سخن فراهم آوردی که از طاعت
نوشیدن نیامنی شیرینتر است.

زندگی خود را در گفتار و پندار نیک میدانست و میگوید که همواره در این مسیر
بماند، از درد و درون دم زمان خود آگاهی داشت و از اشعار او چنین برمیآید که از درد
دل مردم مانده نماند، آگاه بوده است بهین دلیل مردم نصیحت او را مقدس شمرده
و از آنجا که از خصوصیات درونی مردم آگاهی افروخته است اسرار درون نیست
آنها را میدانست لذا در لسان الغیب لقب دادند به سیرتاش در غزل هم نوا
دهم زیبا و شاعر ملکوتی اش دل از عارف عامی میبرد، هر چه در اشعار حافظ
کنکاش شود عظمش بیشتر آشکار خواهد شد حافظ کسی که از او غریز تر و گرانمایه تر برای ما بود
ندارد. نه تنها افتخار ادب است بلکه افتخار ادب جهان است بزرگترین شخصیت های ادب
دنیا و شرق و غرب پیوسته با شور انگیزترین سخنان زبان به ستایش و تحلیل او گشوده
و با این وصف تردید نیست که هیچکدام نمیتوانسته اند عمق و لطف واقعی سخن حافظ را
که بزرگ برای فارسی زبانان قابل درک است دریابند.
گفته بزرگترین شاعر آلمان درباره حافظ میگوید: ۱۰ ای حافظ سخن تو همچون آبدیه

اوپر مضامین عالی و اشعار پر مغز خویش است او پدر فصاحت و بلاغت کلمه
خود است او پادشاه ملک اندیشه و بیان است که با کسیه حتی گنج در آستین دارد
و با خشت زیر سر بر تبارک هفت احترام پی میگذارد و با آنکه کرد آلوده است
ننگ دارد از اینکه آب چشمه خورشید و امن ترکند او نه بد میگوید و نه بدیل
ناحق میکند و اگر خاک ره کسی شود نمیخواهد حتی بآن کسی که خاک راهش شده است غبار
خاطری بدهد.

خواجہ حافظ بدون شک گوهری تابناک صدف کون و مکان و پستار و نهشتان
ادب ایران است و گل پر طراوت و زیبای باغ شاعران جهان است انسانی و سگ
دور بسته و ادیب و آزاده بود. نه تنها از عقاید و افکار مردم زمان خویش و گاهی
دست بکارش و که از میراث ازلی نیاکان و اجداد ملت و قومیت خود نیز
مطلع بود و بدان فخر میگردید و او هم به اسلام عشق میورزید و هم به برادر پاک
ایران قدیم. حافظ شاعری بود که تمام ذرات وجودش اوقاف انسانیت کرده بود.

استاد محمد معین در کتاب حافظ شیرین سخن چنین ابراز نموده است:
از مقام نبی که بگذریم شعرا زنده عالم وجود اند زیرا که حیات
تخیلات و زمام اندوه و شادمانی تو در دست ایشانست.
استاد عبد نفیسی میگوید: بی شک و تردید ادبی من نسبت به این سرود و فرشتگان
و این باگمنای آسمانی که آن سخن حافظ نام نهاده اند از سالیان دور از
است.

دکتر رضا زاده شفق در باره حافظ چنین قلمفرسایی کرده است: «خواجده حافظ
از مفاخر بی همتای ادب فارسی است. خواجده را بداد کی و شکر غنای شعر
نسبت برفع اختلافات و اتفاق و نهایتش کی با و تیره و جوینها و ستمکاران
سالوسان و ریاکاران و فتنه انگیزان تعبیر نموده».

علی دشتی نویسنده چیره دست در کتاب نقشی از حافظ چنین میگوید:
این حافظ که در ذهن ما پدید شد شیرازی نیست زمینی نیست پسر فلان و پدر بهمان نیست

حکمی و عرفانی احساسات و عواطف ژرف انسانی وقتی از علامه تند و پستی می‌پزند که اگر
 بخوانند مجسمه‌ای از بزرگترین شاعر هر مملکتی را به عنوان یاد بود در محلی نصب
 و به هر کشور و ملتش فقط حق انتخاب کنیز را تفویض کنند و از آن به عنوان ملک الشعراء
 آن کشور بپذیرند شما در مورد شاعر اعظم‌ای ایران چه کسی را بر خواهید گزید؟
 او پاسخ می‌دهد: "تنها کسی که اشعارش در بر گیرنده کلیه محاسن لفظی و معنوی شعر
 و شاعریت و واجد کلیه مزایای مقصوده و کلام رسیده و پر بلاغت است و هر گونه
 الهامات عالیّه و حقایق موجود در کلام زیبا دارد و شخصی که فصیح‌ترین و بلندترین
 ترانه‌های انسانی را برای همه ادوار چه دوره‌های گذشته و چه چهارمیان
 و حال سروده است و در مقایسه با کلیه ستارگان پر تالو شعر و شاعری در جهان
 همچون خورشید تاناکا می‌درخشد و عاری از هر گونه تردید و دودلی کسی نیست جز
 وجود و وجود خواجه شمس‌الحق و المله و الدین محمد حافظ شیرازی را که خدایش سامی‌زاد
 و روح بزرگش شاد و مظهر باد."

بنام خدا

جهانی معترف است که حافظ چهره دست ترین استاد فرزانه و بی بدیل ^{صنعت}
غزلسرائی فارسی است حافظ و شعرهایش آثار که درت دنیا می آکنده از دود و غبار و
درونی را از روح میرداید و زیبائی تجلیات او و ملاحظت کلام وی و آن را تحت تاثیر
قرار میدهند حافظ مانع است که با غزلیات خود در وجود همه چه کزیدگان چه کوتبینان
شور و استغناء و حریت و عشق و ایمان ابرهم در می آمیزد و استای شگری است از نو
زندگی و نمایگر شایسته است از همه آرزوهای بشری همان بنش خارق العاده و بیدار
وی او در ویف و همپایه اولیا است ارמיד.

غزلیات بنشین و کشفه های پر مغروش و شیوای حافظ یکی از بهترین شاهکارهای
جاویدان بشریت است که تا دنیا بر پاست بشریت بر جاست پایدار خواهد بود و غزلیات
حافظ همچون اقیانوسی بکران است که هر کس بمنیران غنیمت و ذوق و درک خود از رفای
اندیشه موج گفتن های خیال انگیزش کوهرهای دشان امید و آرزوی خود
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